

THE
WORKS
of

GEO: FARQUHAR

VOL. III.

Dublin

1775

THOMAS EWING.

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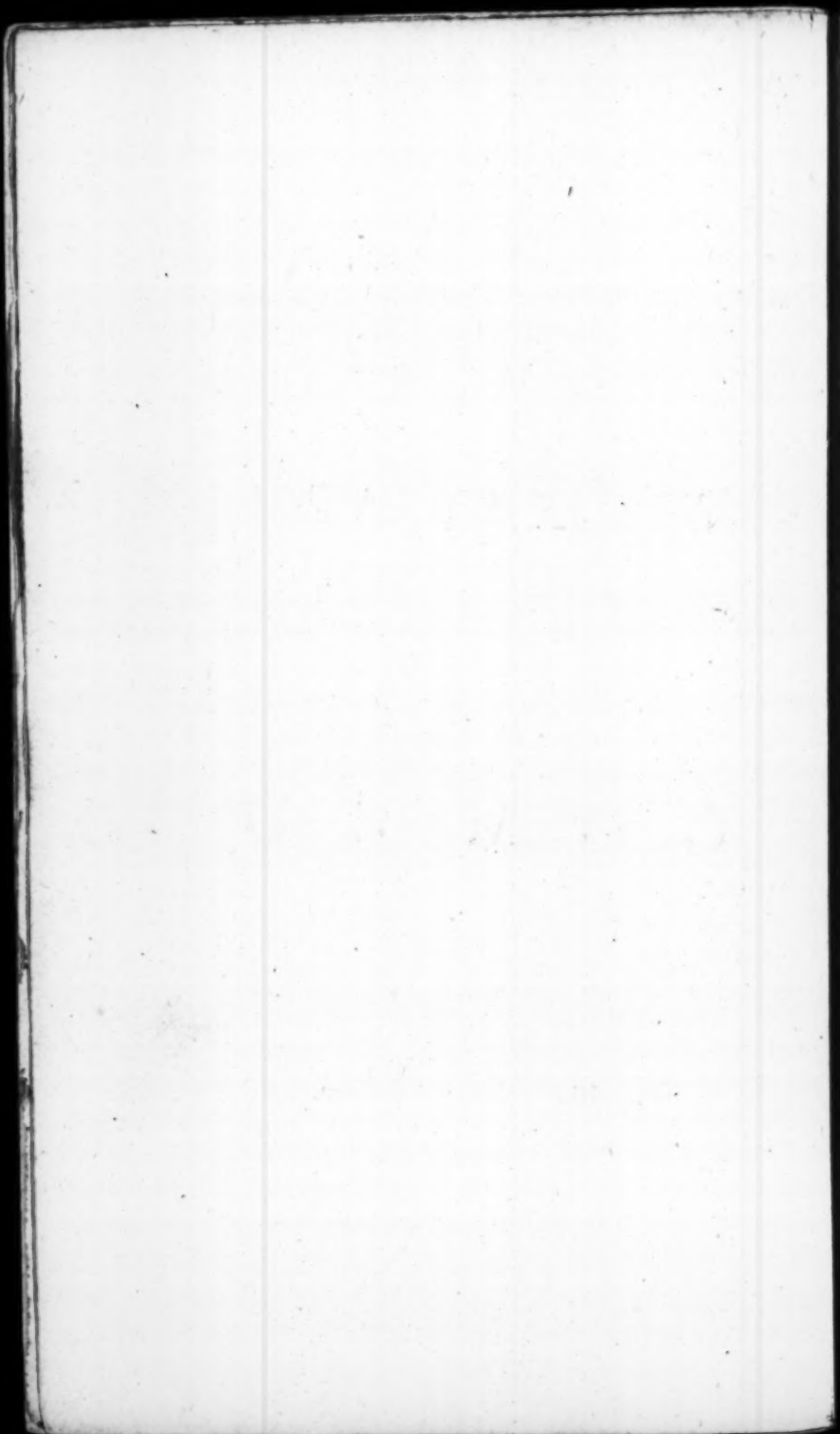


T H E
BEAUX STRATAGEM.

A
C O M E D Y.

VOL. III.

A



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

WHEN strife disturbs, or sloth corrupts an age,
Keen satyr is the business of the stage.
When the Plain-Dealer writ, he lash'd those crimes,
Which then infested most—the modish times:
But now, when faction sleeps, and sloth is fled,
And all our youth in active fields are bred;
When thro' GREAT BRITAIN'S fair extensive round,
The trumps of fame, the notes of UNION sound,
When ANNA'S sceptre points the laws their course,
And her example gives her precepts force:
There scarce is room for satyr; all our lays
Must be, or Songs of Triumph, or of Praise;
But as in Grounds best cultivated, tares
And poppies rise among the golden ears;
Our product so, fit for the field or school,
Must mix with nature's favourite plant—a fool.
A weed that has to twenty summers ran,
Shoots up in stalk, and vegetates to man;
Simpling our author goes from field to field,
And culls such fools as may diversion yield;
And, thanks to nature, there's no want of those,
For rain or shine, the thriving coxcomb grows.
Follies to-night we shew ne'er lashed before,
Yet such as nature shews you ev'ry hour;
Nor can the pictures give a just offence,
For fools are made for jests to men of sense.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

AIMWELL, Mr. MILLS. ARCHER, Mr. WILKS.
Two gentlemen of broken fortunes, the first as Master, and
the second as Servant.
Count BELLAIR. A french officer prisoner at Litchfield.
Mr. BOWMAN.
SULLEN. A country blockhead, brutal to his wife.
Mr. VERBRUGGEN.
FREEMAN. A gentleman from London. Mr. KEEN.
FOIGARD. A priest, chaplain to the french officers.
Mr. BOWEN.
GIBBET. A highway-man. Mr. CIBBER.
HOUNSLOW. BAGSHOT. His companions.
BONIFACE. Landlord of the Inn. Mr. BULLOCK.
SCRUB. Servant to Mr. Sullen. Mr. NORRIS.

W O M E N.

Lady BOUNTIFUL. An old, civil, country gentlewoman,
that cures all her neighbours of all distempers, and
foolishly fond of her son Sullen. Mrs. POWELL.
DORINDA. Lady Bountiful's daughter. Mrs. BRADSHAW.
Mrs. SULLEN. Her daughter-in-law. Mrs. OLDFIELD.
GIPSEY. Maid to the ladies. Mrs. MILLS.
CHERRY. The landlord's daughter in the Inn.
Mrs. BIGNALL.

SCENE, LITCHFIELD.



T H E
BEAUX STRATAGEM.

A C T I.

SCENE, An Inn.

Enter Boniface running.

Chamberlain, Maid, Cherry, Daughter Cherry; all
asleep? all dead?

Enter Cherry running.

CHER. Here, here. Why d'ye baul so, father? D'ye
think we have no ears?

VOL. III.

B

BON. You deserve to have none, you young minx:—the company of the Warrington coach has stood in the hall this hour, and no body to shew them to their chambers.

CHER. And let 'em wait, father; there's neither red-coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

BON. But they threaten to go to another inn to-night.

CHER. That they dare not, for fear the coachman should over-turn them to-morrow—coming, coming: here's the London coach arriv'd.

Enter several People with Trunks, Band-boxes, and other Luggage, and cross the Stage.

BON. Welcome, Ladies.

CHER. Very welcome, Gentlemen—Chamberlain, shew the Lyon and the Rose. [Exit with the company.]

Enter Aimwell in a riding Habit, Archer as Footman, carrying a Portmanteau.

BON. This way, this way, Gentlemen.

AIM. Set down the things; go to the stable, and see my horses well rubb'd.

ARCH. I shall, sir.

[Exit.]

AIM. You're my landlord, I suppose?

BON. Yes, sir; I'm old Will. Boniface, pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

AIM. O! Mr. Boniface, your servant.

BON. O, sir—what will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

AIM. I have heard your town of Litchfield much fam'd for ale, I think; I'll taste that.

BON. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth-day of the next March old stile.

AIM. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

BON. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale—here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is;—sir, you shall taste my Anno Domini—I have liv'd in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight and fifty years, and, I believe, have not consum'd eight and fifty ounces of meat.

AIM. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

BON. Not in my life, sir, I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

Enter Tapster with a Bottle and Glass.

Now, sir, you shall see [filling it out.] Your Worship's health: [Drinks.] Ha! delicious, delicious——fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

AIM. [Drinks.] 'Tis confounded strong.

BON. Strong! it must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

AIM. And have you liv'd so long upon this ale, landlord?

BON. Eight and fifty years upon my credit, sir; but it kill'd my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

AIM. How came that to pass?

BON. I don't know, sir; she wou'd not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest Gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of Uisquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after: but, however, I was oblig'd to the Gentleman you know.

AIM. Why, was it the Uisquebaugh that kill'd her?

BON. My Lady Bountiful said so—she, good Lady, did what could be done; she cur'd her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

AIM. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mention'd;

BON. 'Ods my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [Drinks.] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women: her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pound a year; and, I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours; she cures rheumatisms, ruptures and broken shins in men; green-sickness, obstructions, and fits of the mother in women;——the King's-evil, chin-cough, and chilblains in children: in short, she has cured more people in and about Litchfield within ten years, than the Doctors have kill'd in twenty; and that's a bold word.

AIM. Has the Lady been any other way useful in her generation?

BON. Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles, the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune:

she has a son too, by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen, who marry'd a fine Lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health.

AIM. What sort of man is he?

BON. Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, 'faith: but he's a man of great estate, and values no body.

AIM. A sportsman, I suppose.

BON. Yes, sir, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smoaks his pipe eight and forty hours together sometimes.

AIM. And marry'd, you say?

BON. Ay, and to a curious woman, sir—but he's a—he wants it here, sir. [Pointing to his forehead.]

AIM. He has it there, you mean.

BON. That's none of my business; he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, wou'd not—but—fcod, he's no better than—sir, my humble service to you, [drinks.] tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me: I pay him his rent at quarter day; I have a good running-trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

AIM. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface; pray, what other company have you in town?

BON. A power of fine Ladies; and then we have the French Officers.

AIM. O that's right, you have a good many of those Gentlemen: Pray, how do you like their company?

BON. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em; they are full of money, and pay double for every thing they have: they know, sir, that we

paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my house.

Enter Archer.

ARCH. Landlord, there are some French Gentlemen below that ask for you.

BON. I'll wait on 'em:—Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is? [To Archer.

ARCH. I can't tell, as the saying is.

BON. Come from London?

ARCH. No.

BON. Going to London, may hap?

ARCH. No.

BON. An odd fellow this: I beg your Worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute. [Exit.

AIM. The coast's clear, I see.—Now, my dear Archer, welcome to Litchfield.

ARCH. I thank thee, my dear brother in iniquity.

AIM. Iniquity! prithee leave canting; you need not change your style with your dress.

ARCH. Don't mistake me, Aimwell, for 'tis still my maxim, that there is no scandal-like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty.

AIM. The world confesses it every day in its practice, tho' men won't own it for their opinion: Who did that worthy Lord, my brother, single out of the side box to sup with him t'other night?

ARCH. Jack Handicraft, a handsome, well dress'd mannerly, sharpening rogue, who keeps the best company in town.

AIM. Right; and pray, who marry'd my Lady Man-slaughter t'other day, the great fortune?

ARCH. Why, Nick Marrabone, a profess'd pick-pocket, and a good bowler; but he makes a handsome figure, and rides in his coach that he formerly used to ride behind.

AIM. But did you observe poor Jack Generous in the Park last week?

ARCH. Yes, with his autumnal perriwig, shading his melancholy face, his coat older than any thing but its fashion, with one hand idle in his pocket, and with the other picking his useless teeth; and tho' the Mall was crouded with company, yet was poor Jack as single and solitary as a lion in a desert.

AIM. And as much avoided, for no crime upon earth but the want of money.

ARCH. And that's enough; men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let 'em bustle: fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry.

AIM. Upon which topick we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto: wou'd not any man swear now, that I am a man of quality, and you my servant, when if our intrinsic value were known——

ARCH. Come, come, we are the men of intrinsic value, who can strike our fortunes out of ourselves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in government; we have heads to get money, and hearts to spend it.

AIM. As to our hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing tits as any within twenty degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our heads from the service they have done us

hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from London hither to Litchfield, made me a Lord, and you my servant.

ARCH. That's more than you could expect already. But what money have we left?

AIM. But two hundred pound.

ARCH. And our horses, cloaths, rings, &c. why we have very good fortunes now for moderate people; and let me tell you, that this two hundred pound, with experience that we are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten we have spent,—our friends indeed began to suspect, that our pockets were low, but we came off with flying colours, shew'd no signs of want either in word or deed.

AIM. Ay, and our going to Brussels was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and I warrant you, our friends imagine, that we are gone a Volunteering.

ARCH. Why, 'faith, if this prospect fails, it must e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the hundreds, if you will, upon this knight errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some counterscarp, where we may die as we liv'd, in a blaze.

AIM. With all my heart; and we have liv'd justly, Archer, we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

ARCH. Right; so much pleasure for so much money; we have had our penny-worths; and had I millions, I wou'd go to the same market again. O London, London! well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful: past pleasures, for aught I know, are best, such as we are sure of; those to come may disappoint us.

AIM. It has often griev'd the heart of me, to see how some inhuman wretches murder their kind fortunes; those that by sacrificing all to one appetite, shall starve all the rest — you shall have some that live only in their palates, and in their sense of tasting shall drown the other four: others are only Epicures in appearances, such who shall starve their nights to make a figure a days, and famish their own to feed the eyes of others: a contrary sort confine their pleasures to the dark, and contract their spacious acres to the circuit of a muff-string.

ARCH. Right; but they find the Indies in that spot where they consume 'em, but I think your kind keepers have much the best on't: for they indulge the most senses by one expence, there's the seeing, hearing, and feeling, amply gratify'd; and some philosophers will tell you, that from such a commerce, there arises a sixth sense, that gives infinitely more pleasure than the other five put together.

AIM. And to pass to the other extremity of all keepers, I think those the worst that keep their money.

ARCH. Those are the most miserable wights in being, they destroy the rights of nature, and disappoint the blessings of Providence: give me a man that keeps his five senses keen and bright as his sword, that has 'em always drawn out in their just order and strength, with his reason, as commander at the head of 'em, that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever party of pleasure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the least appearances of disadvantage or danger: — For my part, I can stick to my bottle, while my wine, my company, and my reason hold good; I can be charm'd with Sappho's singing, without falling in love with her face: I love hunting, but wou'd

not, like Acteon, be eaten up by my own dogs; I love a fine horse, but let another keep it; and just so I love a fine woman.

AIM. In that last particular you have the better of me.

ARCH. Ay, you're such an amorous puppy, that I'm afraid you'll spoil our sport; you can't counterfeit the passion without feeling it.

AIM. Tho' the whining part be out of doors in town, 'tis still in force with the country Ladies.—And let me tell you, Frank, the fool in that passion shall outdo the knave at any time.

ARCH. Well, I won't dispute it now; you command for the day, and so I submit:—at Nottingham, you know I am to be master.

AIM. And at Lincoln, I again.

ARCH. Then at Norwich, I mount, which, I think, shall be our last stage; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for Holland, bid adieu to Venus, and welcome Mars.

AIM. A match! [Enter Boniface] Mum.

BON. What will your Worship please to have for supper?

AIM. What have you got?

BON. Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a pig at the fire.

AIM. Good supper-meat, I must confess—I can't eat beef, landlord.

ARCH. And I hate pig.

AIM. Hold your prating, sirrah, do you know who you are?

BON. Please to bespeak something else; I have every thing in the house.

AIM. Have you any veal?

BON. Veal ! fir, we had a delicate loin of veal on Wednesday last.

AIM. Have you got got any fish or wild fowl ?

BON. As for fish, truly, fir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't; and then for wild fowl—We have a delicate couple of rabbits.

AIM. Get me the rabbits fricasfy'd.

BON. Fricasfy'd ! Lard, fir, they'll eat much better smother'd with onions.

ARCH. Pshaw ! damn your onions.

AIM. Again, sirrah !—Well, landlord, what you please ; but hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine ; for when this fellow of mine gets drunk he minds nothing.——Here, sirrah, reach me the strong box.

ARCH. Yes, fir,—this will give us reputation. [Aside.
[Brings the box.

AIM. Here, landlord, the locks are sealed down both for your security and mine : it holds somewhat above two hundred pound ; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after supper ; but be sure you lay it where I may have it at a minute's warning ; for my affairs are a little dubious at present ; perhaps I may be gone in half an hour, perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent ; and pray order your ostler to keep my horses always saddled : but one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this fellow have none of your Anno Domini, as you call it——for he's the most insufferable sot—here, sirrah, light me to my chamber. [Exit, lighted by Archer.

BON. Cherry, daughter Cherry.

Enter Cherry.

CHER. D'ye call, father?

BON. Ay, child, you must lay by this box for the Gentleman, 'tis full of money.

CHER. Money! all that money, why sure, father, the Gentleman comes to be chosen Parliament-man. Who is he?

BON. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

CHER. Ay! ten to one, father, he's a highwayman.

BON. A highway-man! upon my life, girl, you have hit it, and this box is some new purchased booty.—Now, could we find him out, the money were ours.

CHER. He don't belong to our gang.

BON. What horses have they?

CHER. The master rides upon a black.

BON. A black! ten to one the man upon the black mare; and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience: I don't think it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own—look'e, child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work; proofs we must have; the Gentleman's servant loves drink, I'll ply him that way; and ten to one loves a wench, you must work him t'other way.

CHER. Father, wou'd you have me give my secret for his.

BON. Consider, child, there's two hundred pound to boot.
[Ringing without.] Coming, coming.—Child, mind your business. [Exit.

CHER. What a rogue is my father! my father! I deny it.—My mother was a good, generous, free-hearted woman, and I can't tell how far her good nature might have extended for the good of her children. This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest, and debauch his daughter into the bargain,—by a footman too!

Enter Archer.

ARCH. What footman, pray, mistress, is so happy as to be the subject of your contemplation?

CHER. Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

ARCH. I hope so, for I'm sure, you did not think of me.

CHER. Suppose I had?

ARCH. Why then you're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make love to you.

CHER. Love to me, friend!

ARCH. Yes, child.

CHER. Child! manners; if you kept a little more distance, friend, it would become you much better.

ARCH. Distance! good night, sauce-box. [Going.

CHER. A pretty fellow! I like his pride—sir, pray sir, you see, sir, [Archer returns] I have the credit to be intrusted with your master's fortune here, which sets me a degree above his footman: I hope, sir, you an't affronted?

ARCH. Let me look you full in the face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no—'Sdeath, child, you have

a pair of delicate eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

CHER. Why, sir, don't I see every body?

ARCH. Ay, but if some women had 'em, they wou'd kill every body.—Prithee instruct me, I wou'd fain make love to you, but I don't know what to say.

CHER. Why, did you never make love to any body before?

ARCH. Never to a person of your figure, I can assure you, madam; my addressees have been always confin'd to people within my own sphere; I never aspir'd so high before.

But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight, &c. [Sings.

CHER. What can I think of this man? [Aside.] Will you give me that song, sir?

ARCH. Ay, my dear, take it while it is warm. [Kisses her.] Death and fire! her lips are honey-combs.

CHER. And I wish there had been bees too, to have stung you for your impudence.

ARCH. There's a swarm of Cupids, my little Venus, that has done the business much better.

CHER. This fellow is misbegotten as well as I! [Aside.] What's your name, sir?

ARCH. Name! I gad, I have forgot it! [Aside.] Oh! Martin!

CHER. Where were you born?

ARCH. In St. Martin's parish.

CHER. What was your father?

ARCH. St. Martin's parish.

CHER. Then, friend, good night.

ARCH. I hope not.

CHER. You may depend upon't,

ARCH. Upon what?

CHER. That you're very impudent.

ARCH. That you're very handsome.

CHER. That you're a footman.

ARCH. That you're an angel.

CHER. I shall be rude.

ARCH. So shall I.

CHER. Let go my hand.

ARCH. Give me a kiss.

[Kisses her.

[Call without, Cherry, Cherry.

CHER. I'm——my father calls; you plaguy devil, how durst you stop my breath so?—Offer to follow me one step, if you dare.

[Exit.

ARCH. A fair challenge, by this light; this is a pretty fair opening of an adventure; but we are Knight-Errants, and so fortune be our guide.

[Exit.

A C T II.

SCENE, A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.

Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda meeting.

DOR. **M**Orrows, my dear sister; are you for church this morning?

Mrs. SUL. Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can help me: but I think, Dorinda, there's no form of prayer in the liturgy against bad husbands.

DOR. But there's a form of law in Doctors-Commons; and I swear, Sister Sullen, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that: For besides the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband, and friend to the wife, your example gives me such an impression of matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life—But supposing, madam, that you brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband? my brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

Mrs. SUL. The most constant husband, I grant ye.

DOR. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. SUL. No, he always sleeps with me.

DOR. He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

Mrs. SUL. A maintenance! do you take me, madam, for an Hospital child, that I must sit down, and bless my benefactors, for meat, drink, and cloaths? As I take it, madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things, call'd pleasures.

DOR. You share in all the pleasures that the country affords.

Mrs. SUL. Country pleasures! Racks and torments! Do'st think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambering over stiles; or that my parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in rural accomplishments of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoking tobacco with my husband; or of spreading plaisters, brewing of diet drinks, and stilling rosemary-water, with the good old gentlewoman my mother-in-law?

DOR. I'm sorry, madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I cou'd wish, indeed, that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refin'd: But pray, madam, how came the poets and philosophers, that labour'd so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it at last in a country life?

Mrs. SUL. Because they wanted money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town. Did you ever see a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand pound? if you can shew me such a man, I'll lay fifty pound you'll find him somewhere within the weekly bills.—Not that I disapprove rural pleasures as the poets have painted them; in their landscapes, every Phillis has her Coridon, every murmuring stream, and every flow'ry mead gives fresh alarms to love—besides, you'll find that their couples were never marry'd:—But yonder I see my Coridon, and a sweet swain it is, Heaven knows—Come, Dorinda, don't be angry, he's my husband, and your brother; and between both is he not a sad brute?

DOR. I have nothing to say to your part of him, you're the best judge.

Mrs. SUL. O sister, sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks.—There's some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I wou'd have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little.—Now you shall see, but take this by the way;—he came home this morning at his usual hour of four, waken'd me out of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea table which he broke all to pieces; after his man and he had roll'd about the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as

ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel night-cap—oh matrimony,—he tosses up the cloaths with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneful serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose.—O the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband!—But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well bred man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter Sullen.

SUL. My head akes consumedly.

Mrs. SUL. Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning? it may do your head good.

SUL. No.

DOR. Coffee, brother?

SUL. Pshaw.

Mrs. SUL. Will you please to dress and go to church with me? the air may help you.

SUL. Scrub.

Enter Scrub.

SCRUB. Sir.

SUL. What day o' th' week is this?

SCRUB. Sunday, an't please your worship.

SUL. Sunday! bring me a dram; and d'ye hear, set out the venison-pasty, and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall-table, I'll go to breakfast. [Going.

DOR. Stay, stay, brother, you shan't get off so; you were very naught last night, and must make your wife reparation; come, come brother, won't you ask pardon?

SUL. For what?

DOR. For being drunk last night.

SUL. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. SUL. But I can't, sir.

SUL. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. SUL. But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

SUL. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. SUL. What is the reason, sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

SUL. Scrub.

SCRUB. Sir.

SUL. Get things ready to shave my head. [Exit.

Mrs. SUL. Have a care of coming near his temples, Scrub, for fear you meet something there that may turn the edge of your razor——inveterate stupidity! Did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O sister, sister! I shall never ha' good of the beast till I get him to town; London, dear London is the place for managing and breaking a husband,

DOR. And has not a husband the same opportunities there for humbling a wife?

Mrs. SUL. No, no, child, 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a man wou'd enslave his wife, he hurries her into the country; and when a lady wou'd be arbitrary with her husband, she wheedles her booby up to town.—A man dare not play the tyrant in London, because there are so many examples to encourage the subject

to rebel. O Dorinda, Dorinda! a fine woman may do any thing in London: O' my conscience she may raise an army of forty thousand men.

DOR. I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be trying your power that way here in Litchfield; you have drawn the French Count to your colours already.

Mrs. SUL. The French are a people that can't live without their gallantries.

DOR. And some English that I know, sister, are not averse to such amusements.

Mrs. SUL. Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think, one way to rouse my lethargick sottish husband, is to give him a rival; security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their duty: women are like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

DOR. This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinc'd into a passion for you; but, I fancy, there's a natural aversion of his side; and I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. SUL. I own it, we are united contradictions, fire and water; but I cou'd be contented, with a great many other wives, to humour the censorious mob, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, cou'd I bring him but to dissemble a little kindness to keep me in countenance.

DOR. But how do you know, sister, but that instead of rousing your husband by this artifice to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake into a real fury?

Mrs. SUL. Let him:—if I can't entice him to the one, I would provoke him to the other.

DOR. But how must I behave myself between ye?

Mrs. SUL. You must assist me.

DOR. What, against my own brother?

Mrs. SUL. He's but a half brother, and I'm your entire friend: if I go a step beyond the bounds of honour, leave me; till then, I expect you should go along with me in every thing; while I trust my honour in your hands, you may trust your brother's in mine—The count is to dine here to-day.

DOR. 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

Mrs. SUL. You like nothing, your time is not come; love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or other:—you'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye—but some, my lady's tea is ready, and 'tis almost church-time.

[Exit.

SCENE, The Inn.

Enter Aimwell dress'd, and Archer.

AIM. And was she the daughter of the house?

ARCH. The landlord is so blind as to think so; but I dare swear she has better blood in her veins.

AIM. Why dost think so?

ARCH. Because the baggage has a pert *Je ne sçai quoi*, she reads plays, keeps a monkey, and is troubled with vapours.

AIM. By which discoveries I guess that you know more of her.

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ARCH. Not yet, 'faith; the lady gives herself airs, forsooth, nothing under a gentleman.

AIM. Let me take her in hand.

ARCH. Say one word more o' that, and I'll declare myself, spoil your sport there, and every where else; look ye, Aimwell, every man in his own sphere.

AIM. Right; and therefore you must pimp for your master.

ARCH. In the usual forms, good sir, after I have serv'd myself.—But to our business—you are so well dress'd, Tom, and make so handsome a figure, that I fancy you may do execution in a country church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that impression favourable.

AIM. There's something in that which may turn to advantage: the appearance of a stranger in a country church draws as many gazers as a blazing star; no sooner he comes into the cathedral, but a train of whispers runs round the congregation in a moment;—Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him?—Then I, sir, tips me the Verger with half a crown; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pue in the church; I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the bishop, or the dean, if he be the commanding officer; single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose a bleeding by the strength of imagination, and shew the whole church my concern, by my endeavouring to hide it; after the sermon, the whole town gives me to her for a lover, and by persuading the lady that I am a dying for her, the tables are turn'd, and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

ARCH. There's nothing in this, Tom, without a precedent; but instead of riveting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix 'em upon a fortune, that's our business at present.

AIM. Pshaw, no woman can be a beauty without a fortune.
—Let me alone, for I am a mark's-man.

ARCH. Tom.

AIM. Ay.

ARCH. When were you at church before, pray?

AIM. Um—I was there at the coronation.

ARCH. And how can you expect a blessing by going to Church now?

AIM. Blessing! nay, Frank, I ask but for a wife. [Exit.

ARCH. Truly the man is not very unreasonable in his demands.
[Exit at the opposite door.

Enter Boniface and Cherry.

BON. Well, daughter, as the saying is, have you brought Martin to confess?

CHER. Pray, father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a man: I'm but young you know, father, and I don't understand wheedling.

BON. Young! why you jade, as the saying is, can any woman wheedle that is not young? your mother was useless at five and twenty. Not wheedle! Would you make your mother a whore, and me a cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you, his silence confesses it, and his master spends his money so freely, and is so much a gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a highway-man.

Enter Gibbet in a cloak.

GIB. Landlord, landlord, is the coast clear?

BON. O, Mr. Gibbet, what's the news?

GIB. No matter, ask no questions, all fair and honourable: here, my dear Cherry, [Gives her a bag.] Two hundred sterling pounds, as good as any that ever hang'd or sav'd a rogue; lay 'em by with the rest, and here—three wedding or mourning rings, 'tis much the same, you know—here, two silver-hilted swords; I took those from fellows that never shew any part of their swords but the hilts: Here is a diamond necklace which the lady hid in the privatest place in the coach, but I found it out: This gold watch I took from a pawnbroker's wife; it was left in her hands by a person of quality, there's the arms upon the case.

CHER. But who had you the money from?

GIB. Ah! poor woman! I pitied her;—from a poor lady just elop'd from her husband; she had made up her cargo, and was bound for Ireland, as hard as she cou'd drive; she told me of her husband's barbarous usage, and so I left her half a crown: But I had almost forgot, my dear Cherry, I have a present for you.

CHER. What is't?

GIB. A pot of ceruse, my child, that I took out of my lady's under pocket.

CHER. What, Mr. Gibbet, do you think that I paint?

GIB. Why, you jade, your betters do; I'm sure the lady that I took it from had a coronet upon her handkerchief.—Here, take my cloak, and go secure the premises.

CHER. I will secure 'em.

[Exit:

BON. But hark'e, where's Hounslow and Bagshot?

GIB. They'll be here to-night.

BON. D'ye know of any other gentleman o' the pad on this road?

GIB. No.

BON. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the house just now.

GIB. The devil! how d'ye smoak 'em?

BON. Why, the one is gone to church.

GIB. That's suspicious, I must confess.

BON. And the other is now in his master's chamber; he pretends to be servant to the other, we'll call him out, and pump him a little.

GIB. With all my heart.

BON. Mr. Martin, Mr. Martin.

Enter Archer combing a Perriwig, and singing.

GIB. The roads are consumed deep, I'm as dirty as old Brentford at Christmas—a good pretty fellow that; whose servant are you, friend?

ARCH. My master's.

GIB. Really?

ARCH. Really.

GIB. That's much.—The fellow has been at the bar by his evasions:—But, pray, sir, what is your master's name?

ARCH. Tall, all, dall; [Sings and combs the Perriwig.] This is the most obstinate curl——

GIB. I ask you his name?

ARCH. Name, sir,—Tall, all, dall—I never ask'd him his name in my life. Tall, all, dall.

BON. What think you now?

GIB. Plain, plain, he talks now as if he were before a judge: But pray, friend, which way does your master travel?

ARCH. A horseback.

GIB. Very well again, an old offender right—But, I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

ARCH. Downwards, I fear, sir: Tall, all.

GIB. I'm afraid my fate will be a contrary way.

BON. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Martin, you're very arch—
This gentleman is only travelling towards Chester, and would be glad of your company, that's all—come, captain, you'll stay to night, I suppose; I'll shew you a chamber—come, captain.

GIB. Farewel, friend——

[Exit.

ARCH. Captain, your servant—captain! a pretty fellow; 'sdeath, I wonder that the officers of the army don't conspire to beat all scoundrels in red but their own.

Enter Cherry.

CHER. Gone, and Martin here! I hope he did not listen! I would have the matter of the discovery all my own, because I would oblige him to love me. [Aside.] Mr. Martin, who was that man with my father?

ARCH. Some recruiting serjeant, or whip'd out trooper, I suppose.

CHER. All's safe, I find.

[Aside.

ARCH. Come, my dear, have you conn'd over the catechize I taught you last night?

CHER. Come, question me.

ARCH. What is love?

CHER. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

ARCH. Very well, an apt scholar.

[Chucks her under the Chin,

Where does love enter?

CHER. Into the eyes.

ARCH. And where go out?

CHER. I won't tell'e.

ARCH. What are the objects of that passion?

CHER. Youth, beauty and clean linen.

ARCH. The reason?

CHER. The two first are fashionable in nature, and the third at court.

ARCH. That's my dear: What are the signs and tokens of that passion?

CHER. A stealing look, a stammering tongue, words improbable, designs impossible, and actions impracticable.

ARCH. That's my good child, kiss me.—What must a lover do to obtain his mistress?

CHER. He must adore the person that disdains him, he must bribe the chambermaid that betrays him, and court the footman that laughs at him—he must, he must—

ARCH. Nay, child, I must whip you if you don't mind your lesson; he must treat his——

CHER. O! ay, he must treat his enemies with respect, his friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his ruin and throw himself away.

ARCH. Had ever man so hopeful a pupil as mine ? come, my dear, why is love call'd a riddle ?

CHER. Because being blind, he leads those that see, and tho' a child, he governs a man.

ARCH. Mighty well ?——and why is love pictur'd blind ?

CHER. Because the painters, out of their weakness or privilege of their art, chose to hide those eyes that they cou'd not draw.

ARCH. That's my dear little scholar, kiss me again—and why shou'd love, that's a child, govern a man ?

CHER. Because that a child is the end of love.

ARCH. And so ends love's catechism.——And now, my dear, we'll go in and make my master's bed.

CHER. Hold, hold, Mr. Martin——You have taken a great deal of pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learnt by it ?

ARCH. What ?

CHER. That your discourse and your habit are contradictions, and it wou'd be nonsense in me to believe you a footman any longer.

ARCH. 'Oons, what a witch it is ?

CHER. Depend upon this, sir, nothing in this garb shall ever tempt me ; for tho' I was born to servitude, I hate it :—Own your condition, swear to love me, and then—

ARCH. And then we shall go and make the bed.

CHER. Yes.

ARCH. You must know then, that I am born a gentleman, my education was liberal, but I went to London a younger brother, fell into the hands of sharpers, who stript me of my money, my friends disown'd me, and now my necessity brings be to what you see.

CHER. Then take my hand——promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you master of two thousand pounds.

ARCH. How!

CHER. Two thousand pound that I have this minute in my own custody; so throw off your livery this minute, and I'll go find a parson.

ARCH. What said you? a parson?

CHER. What! do you scruple?

ARCH. Scruple! no, no, but two thousand pound, you say?

CHER. And better.

ARCH. 'Sdeath, what shall I do?—But heark'e, child, what need you make me master of yourself and money, when you may have the same pleasure out of me, and still keep your fortune in your hands?

CHER. Then you won't marry me?

ARCH. I wou'd marry you, but——

CHER. O sweet sir, I'm your humble servant, you're fairly caught: wou'd you persuade me that any gentleman who cou'd bear the scandal of wearing a livery, wou'd refuse two thousand pound, let the condition be what it wou'd—no, no, sir—but I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the respect that I ought to pay you.

ARCH. Fairly bit, by Jupiter——hold, hold; and have you actually two thousand pounds?

CHER. Sir, I have my secrets as well as you——when you please to be more open I shall be more free, and be assur'd I have discoveries that will match yours, be what they will——in the mean while be satisfied that no dis-

covery I make shall ever hurt you, but beware of my father.—— [Exit.

ARCH. So——we're like to have as many adventures in our inn, as don Quixot had in his——let me see—two thousand pounds! If the wench wou'd promise to die when the money were spent, I gad, one wou'd marry her; but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live—lord knows how long! Then an inn-keeper's daughter; ay, that's the devil—there my pride brings me off.

For whatsoe'er the sages charge on pride,
The angels fall and twenty faults beside,
On earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,
Pride saves man oft, and woman too from falling. [Exit.

A C T III.

SCENE, Lady Bountiful's House.

Enter Mrs. Sullen, Dorinda.

Mrs. SUL. **H**A, ha, ha, my dear sister, let me embrace thee, now we are friends indeed; for I shall have a secret of yours, as a pledge for mine—now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the subjects of the sex.

DOR. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in love with a fellow at first sight?

Mrs. SUL. Pshaw! Now you spoil all: why should not we be as free in our friendships as the men? I warrant you

the gentleman has got to his confident already, has avow'd his passion, toasted your health, call'd you ten thousand angels; has run over your lips, eyes, neck, shape, air, and every thing, in a description that warms their mirth to a second enjoyment.

DOR. Your hand, sister, I an't well.

Mrs. SUL. So—he's breeding already—come, child, up with it—hem a little—so—now tell me, don't you like the gentleman that we saw at church just now?

DOR. The man's well enough.

Mrs. SUL. Well enough! Is he not a demi-god, a Narcissus, a star, the man in the moon?

DOR. O sister, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. SUL. Shall I send your mother, child, for a little of her cephalick plaister, to put to the soles of your feet? or shall I send to the gentleman for something for you?—Come, unlace your stays, unbosom yourself—the man is perfectly a pretty fellow, I saw him when he first came into church.

DOR. I saw him too, sister, and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person.

Mrs. SUL. Well said, up with it.

DOR. No forward coquet behaviour, no airs to set him off, no study'd looks, nor artful posture—but nature did all——

Mrs. SUL. Better and better—one touch more—come—

DOR. But then his looks—did you observe his eyes?

Mrs. SUL. Yes, yes, I did—his eyes, well, what of his eyes?

DOR. Sprightly, but not wandring; they seem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me—and then his looks

so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he could with pride die at my feet, tho' he scorn'd slavery any where else.

Mrs. SUL. The physick works purely—how d'ye find yourself now, my dear?

DOR. Hem! much better, my dear—O here comes our Mercury!

Enter Scrub.

Well, Scrub, what news of the gentleman?

SCRUB. Madam, I have brought you a packet of news.

DOR. Open it quickly, come.

SCRUB. In the first place I enquir'd who the gentleman was? they told me he was a stranger. Secondly, I ask'd what the gentleman was? they answer'd and said, that they never saw him before. Thirdly, I enquir'd what countryman he was? they reply'd, it was more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came? their answer was, they could not tell. And fifthly, I ask'd whether he went? and they reply'd, they knew nothing of the matter—and this is all I could learn.

Mrs. SUL. But what do the people say? Can't they guess?

SCRUB. Why some think he's a spy, some guess he's a mountebank; some say one thing, some another; but for my own part, I believe he's a Jesuit?

DOR. A Jesuit! why a Jesuit?

SCRUB. Because he keeps his horses always ready saddled, and his footman talks French.

Mrs. SUL. His footman!

SCRUB. Ay, he and the count's footman were gabbering French like two intriguing ducks in a mill-pond, and I believe they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd confumedly.

DOR. What sort of livery has the footman?

SCRUB. Livery! Lord, madam, I took him for a captain, he's so bedizen'd with lace; and then he has tops to his shoes, up to his mid-leg, a silver headed cane dangling at his knuckles—he carries his hands in his pocket just so—[Walks in the French air.] and has a fine long perriwig ty'd up in a bag—Lord, madam, he's clear another sort of man than I.

Mrs. SUL. That may easily be——but what shall we do now, sister?

DOR. I have it—This fellow has a world of simplicity, and some cunning, the first hides the latter by abundance——Scrub.

SCRUB. Madam.

DOR. We have a great mind to know who this gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

SCRUB. Yes, madam, it would be a satisfaction, no doubt.

DOR. You must go and get acquainted with his footman, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of your ale, because you're butler to-day.

SCRUB. Yes, madam, I am butler every Sunday.

Mrs. SUL. O brave! Sister, O' my conscience, you understand the mathematicks already—'tis the best plot in the world; your mother, you know, will be gone to church, my spouse will be gone to the alehouse with his scoundrels, and the house will be our own—so we drop in by accident, and ask the fellow some questions ourselves. In the country, you know, any stranger is company, and we're glad to

take up with the butler in a country-dance, and happy if he'll do us the favour.

SCRUB. Oh! madam, you wrong me; I never refus'd your ladyship the favour in my life.

Enter Gipsy.

GIP. La lies, dinner's upon the table.

DOR. Scrub, we'll excuse your waiting—go where we order'd you.

SCRUB. I shall.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Inn.

Enter Aimwell and Archer.

ARCH. Well, Tom, I find you are a marksman.

AIM. A marksman! who so blind could be, as not discern a swan among the ravens.

ARCH. Well, but heark'e, Aimwell.

AIM. Aimwell, call me Oroondates, Cefario, Amadis, all that romance can in a lover paint, and then I'll answer. O Archer, I read her thousands in her looks, she look'd like Ceres in her harvest. Corn, wine and oil, milk and honey, gardens, groves and purling streams, play'd on her plenteous face.

ARCH. Her face! her pocket, you mean; the corn, wine; and oil, lies there. In short, she has ten thousand pound, that's the English on't.

AIM. Her eyes—

ARCH. Are demi-cannons, to be sure; so I won't stand their battery.

[Going.]

AIM. Pray, excuse me, my passion must have vent.

ARCH. Passion! what a plague, d'ye think these romantick airs will do our business? Were my temper as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantick by half.

AIM. Your adventures!

ARCH. Yes, the nymph that with her twice ten hundred pounds,

With brazen engine hot, and quoif clear starch'd,
Can fire the guest in warming of the bed——

There's a touch of sublime Milton for you, and the subject but an inn-keeper's daughter: I can play with a girl as an angler does with his fish; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream, and down the stream, till at last, he brings it to hand, tickles the trout, and so whips it into his basket.

Enter Boniface.

BON. Mr. Martin, as the saying is—yonder's an honest fellow below, my lady Bountiful's butler, who begs the honour that you would go home with him and see his cellar.

ARCH. Do my Bassemains to the gentleman, and tell him I will do myself the honour to wait on him immediately. [Exit Boniface.]

AIM. What do I hear? soft Orpheus play, and fair Toftida sing?

ARCH. Pshaw! damn your raptures; I tell you here's a pump going to be put into the vessel, and the ship will

get into harbour, my life on't. You say there's another lady very handsome there.

AIM. Yes, 'faith.

ARCH. I'm in love with her already.

AIM. Can't you give me a-bill upon Cherry in the mean time.

ARCH. No, no, friend, all her corn, wine and oil, is ingross'd to my market.—And once more I warn you, to keep your anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul on me, by this light you shall go to the bottom—what, make prize of my little frigate while I am upon the cruise for you. [Exit.

Enter Boniface.

AIM. Well, well, I won't—Landlord, have you any tolerable company in the house? I don't care for dining alone.

BON. Yes, sir, there's a captain below, as the saying is, that's arriv'd about an hour ago.

AIM. Gentlemen of his coat are welcome every where; will you make him a compliment from me, and tell him I should be glad of his company.

BON. Who shall I tell him, sir, would?—

AIM. Ha! that stroke was well thrown in—I'm only a traveller, like himself, and would be glad of his company, that's all.

BON. I obey your command, as the saying is. [Exit.

Enter Archer.

ARCH. 'Sdeath I had forgot; what title will you give yourself?

AIM. My brother's to be sure ; he never would give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his honour this bout—you know the rest of your cue.

ARCH. Ay, ay.

[Exit.

Enter Gibbet.

GIB. Sir, I'm yours.

AIM. 'Tis more than I deserve, sir, for I don't know you.

GIB. I don't wonder at that, sir, for you never saw me before, I hope. [Aside-

AIM. And pray, sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now ?

GIB. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any gentleman—but my landlord——

AIM. O, sir, I ask your pardon, you're the captain he told me of.

GIB. At your service, sir.

AIM. What regiment ? may I be so bold ?

GIB. A marching regiment, sir, an old corps.

AIM. Very old, if your coat be regimental. [Aside.] You have serv'd abroad, sir.

GIB. Yes, sir, in the plantations, 'twas my lot to be sent in the worst service: I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a man of honour, you know—besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I shou'd be abroad—any thing for the good of one's country—I'm a Roman for that.

AIM. One of the first, I'll lay my life. [Aside.] You found the West-Indies very hot, sir ?

GIB. Ay, sir, too hot for me.

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AIM. Pray, sir, han't I seen your face at Will's coffee-house?

GIB. Yes, sir, and at White's too.

AIM. And where is your company now, captain?

GIB. They an't come yet.

AIM. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

GIB. They'll be here to-night, sir.

AIM. Which way do they march?

GIB. Across the country—The devil's in't, if I han't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right, I must tack about. [Aside.]

AIM. Is your company to quarter in Litchfield?

GIB. In this house, sir?

AIM. What! all?

GIB. My company's but thin, ha, ha, ha; we are but three, ha, ha, ha.

AIM. You're merry, sir.

GIB. Ay, you must excuse me, sir, I understand the world, especially the art of travelling: I don't care, sir, for answering questions directly upon the road—for I generally ride with a charge about me.

AIM. Three or four, I believe.

[Aside.]

GIB. I am credibly inform'd that there are highwaymen upon this quarter; not, sir, that I cou'd suspect a gentleman of your figure—But truly, sir, I have got such a way of evasion upon the road, that I don't care for speaking truth to any man.

AIM. Your caution may be necessary—Then I presume you're no captain?

GIB. Not I, sir: captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish enquiries that are generally made about gentlemen that travel; it gives a man

an air of something, and makes the drawers obedient—
And thus far I am a captain, and no farther.

AIM. And pray, sir, what is your true profession?

GIB. O, sir, you must excuse me—upon my word, sir, I don't think it safe to tell ye.

AIM. Ha, ha, ha, upon my word, I commend you.

Enter Boniface.

Well, Mr. Boniface, what's the news?

BON. There's another gentleman below, as the saying is, that hearing you were but two, wou'd be glad to make the third man, if you would give him leave.

AIM. What is he?

BON. A clergyman, as the saying is.

AIM. A clergyman, is he really a clergyman? or is it only his travelling name, as my friend the captain has it?

BON. O, sir, he's a priest, and chaplain to the French officers in town.

AIM. Is he a Frenchman?

BON. Yes, sir, born at Brussels.

GIB. A Frenchman, and a priest! I won't be seen in his company, sir; I have a value for my reputation, sir.

AIM. Nay, but captain, since we are by ourselves—
Can he speak English, landlord?

BON. Very well, sir; you may know him, as the saying is, to be a foreigner by his accent, and that's all.

AIM. Then he has been in England before?

BON. Never, sir; but he's a master of languages, as the saying is; he talks Latin, it does me good to hear him talk Latin.

AIM. Then you understand Latin, Mr. Boniface.

BON. Not I, sir, as the saying is; but he talks so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

AIM. Pray, desire him to walk up.

BON. Here he is, as the saying is.

Enter Foigard.

FOIG. Save you, gentlemen both.

AIM. A Frenchman! Sir, your most humble servant.

FOIG. Och, dear joy, I am your most faithful servant, and yours altho.

GIB. Doctor, you talk very good English, but you have a mighty twang of the foreigner.

FOIG. My English is very vell for the vords, but we foreigners, you know, cannot bring our tongues about the pronunciation so soon.

AIM. A foreigner! a downright teague, by this light. [Aside.] Were you born in France, doctor?

FOIG. I was educated in France, but I was borned at Brussels; I am a subject of the king of Spain, joy.

GIB. What king of Spain, sir? speak.

FOIG. Upon my shoul, joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

AIM. Nay, captain, that was too hard upon the doctor, he's a stranger.

FOIG. O let him alone, dear joy, I am of a nation that is not easily put out of countenance.

AIM. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the dispute.—Here, landlord, is dinner ready?

BON. Upon the table, as the saying is.

AIM. Gentlemen—pray—that door——

FOIG. No, no fast, the captain must lead.

AIM. No, doctor, the church is our guide.

GIB. Ay, ay, so it is.— [Exit foremost, they follow.]

SCENE changes to a gallery in Lady Bountiful's house.

Enter Archer and Scrub singing, and hugging one another: Scrub with a tankard in his hand, Gipsy listening at a distance.

SCRUB. Tall, all, dall—Come, my dear boy—let's have that song once more.

ARCH. No, no, we shall disturb the family:—But will you be sure to keep the secret?

SCRUB. Pho! upon my honour, as I'm a gentleman.

ARCH. 'Tis enough—You must know then, that my master is the lord viscount Aimwell; he fought a duel t'other day in London, wounded his man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether the gentleman's wounds be mortal or not: He never was in this part of England before, so he chose to retire to this place, that's all.

GIB. And that's enough for me.

[Exit.

SCRUB. And where were you when your master fought?

ARCH. We never know of our masters quarrels.

SCRUB. No! if our masters in the country here receive a challenge, the first thing they do, is to tell their wives; the wife tells the servants, the servants alarm the tenants, and in half an hour, you shall have the country in arms.

ARCH. To hinder two men from doing what they have no mind for.—But if you should chance to talk now of my business!

SCRUB. Talk! ay, sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding my tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great family.

ARCH. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are secrets in all families.

SCRUB. Secrets, ay;—but I'll say no more—Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our tankard: Here——

ARCH. With all my heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh—Here's your ladies healths; you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be secrets among 'em.

SCRUB. Secrets! Ay, friend; I wish I had a friend—

ARCH. Am I not your friend? Come, you and I will be sworn brothers.

SCRUB. Shall we?

ARCH. From this minute, give me a kiss—and now, brother Scrub——

SCRUB. And now, brother Martin, I will tell you a secret that will make your hair stand an end:—You must know, that I am confumedly in love.

ARCH. That's a terrible secret, that's the truth on't.

SCRUB. That jade, Gipsy, that was with us just now in the cellar, is the arrantest whore that ever wore a petticoat; and I'm dying for love of her.

ARCH. Ha, ha, ha—Are you in love with her person, or her virtue, brother Scrub?

SCRUB. I should like virtue best, because it is more durable than beauty, for virtue holds good with some women long and many a day after they have lost it.

ARCH. In the country, I grant ye, where no woman's virtue is lost, till a bastard be found.

SCRUB. Ay, cou'd I bring her to a bastard, I should have her all to myself; but I dare not put it upon that lay, for fear of being sent for a soldier—Pray, brother,

how do you gentlemen in London like that same pressing act?

ARCH. Very ill, brother Scrub;—'Tis the worst that ever was made for us—formerly I remember the good days, when we could dun our masters for our wages, and if they refused to pay us, we cou'd have a warrant to carry 'em before a justice; but now if we talk of eating, they have a warrant for us, and carry us before three justices.

SCRUB. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating; for the justices won't give their own servants a bad example. Now this is my misfortune—I dare not speak in the house, while that jade, Gipsy, dings about like a fury—Once I had the better end of the staff.

ARCH. And how comes the change now?

SCRUB. Why, the mother of all this mischief is a priest.

ARCH. A priest!

SCRUB. Ay, a damn'd son of a whore of Babylon, that came over hither to say grace to the French officers, and eat up our provisions—there's not a day goes over his head without a dinner or supper in this house.

ARCH. How came he so familiar in the family?

SCRUB. Because he speaks English as if he had liv'd here all his life, and tells lies as if he had been a traveller from his cradle.

ARCH. And this priest, I'm afraid, has converted the affections of your Gipsy.

SCRUB. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear friend
——For I'm afraid, he has made her a whore and a papist
——But this is not all; there's the French count and Mrs. Sullen, they're in the confederacy, and for some private ends of their own to be sure.

ARCH. A very hopeful family yours, brother Scrub; I suppose the maiden lady has her lover too.

SCRUB. Not that I know—he's the best on 'em, that's the truth on't: But they take care to prevent my curiosity, by giving me so much business that I'm a perfect slave—What d'ye think is my place in this family?

ARCH. Butler, I suppose.

SCRUB. Ah, lord help you—I'll tell you—of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, a Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and a Sunday I draw beer.

ARCH. Ha, ha, ha! if variety be a pleasure in life, you have enough on't, my dear brother——But what ladies are those?

SCRUB. Ours, ours; that upon the right hand is Mrs. Sullen, and the other Mrs. Dorinda——don't mind 'em, sit still man——

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.

Mrs. SUL. I have heard my brother talk of my lord Aintwell, but they say that his brother is the finer gentleman.

DOR. That's impossible, sister.

Mrs. SUL. He's vastly rich, and very close, they say.

DOR. No matter for that; if I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him; I have heard say, that people may be guess'd at by the behaviour of their servants, I cou'd wish we might talk to that fellow.

Mrs. SUL. So do I; for I think, he's a very pretty fellow: Come this way, I'll throw out a lure for him presently.

[They walk a turn toward the opposite side of the stage,

Mrs. Sullen drops her glove, Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.

ARCH. Corn, wine and oil, indeed—But I think, the wife has the greatest plenty of flesh and blood; she should be my choice—Ay, ay, say you so—madam—your ladyship's glove.

Mrs. SUL. O sir, I thank you—what a handsome bow the fellow has?

DOR. Bow! Why I have known several footmen come down from London, set up here for dancing-masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

ARCH. [Aside.] That project, for aught I know, had been better than ours. Brother Scrub—why don't you introduce me?

SCRUB. Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant that you saw at church to-day: I understood he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might shew me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

DOR. And I hope you have made much of him?

ARCH. O yes, madam, but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

Mrs. SUL. What then you don't usually drink ale?

ARCH. No, madam, my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water; 'tis prescrib'd me by the physicians for a remedy against the spleen.

SCRUB. O la! O la!—A footman have the spleen.—

Mrs. SUL. I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

ARCH. Madam, like all other fashions it wears out, and so descends to their servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasion'd by the stagnation of wages.

DOR. How affectedly the fellow talks—How long, pray, have you serv'd your present master?

ARCH. Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

Mrs. SUL. And pray, which service do you like best?

ARCH. Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs. SUL. That flight was above the pitch of a livery. And sir, wou'd not you be satisfy'd to serve a lady again?

ARCH. As a groom of a chamber, madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs. SUL. I suppose you serv'd as footman before.

ARCH. For that reason I wou'd not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London: My lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one morning, and told me, Martin, go to my lady All-night with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs. Rebecca, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of, are stopt till we know the concurrence of the person that I know of, for which there are circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that in the mean time there is a person about her ladyship, that from several hints and sur-

mises, was necessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance——

Mrs. SUL. } Ha, ha, ha, where are you going, sir?
DOR.

ARCH. Why, I han't half done—the whole howd'ye was about half an hour long; so happen'd to misplace two syllables, and was turn'd off and render'd incapable—

DOR. The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw—But, friend, if your master be marry'd—I presume you still serve a lady?

ARCH. No, madam, I take care never to come into a marry'd family; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

DOR. There's a main point gain'd.—My lord is not marry'd, I find. [Aside.

Mrs. SUL. But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services, you had not a better provision made for you.

ARCH. I don't know how, madam——I had a lieutenancy offer'd me three or four times; but that is not bread, madam——I live much better as I do.

SCRUB. Madam, he sings rarely——I was thought to do pretty well here in the country till he came; but alack a-day, I'm nothing to my brother Martin.

DOR. Does he? Pray, sir, will you oblige us with a song?

ARCH. Are you for passion or humour?

SCRUB. O le! He has the purest ballad about a trifle—

Mrs. SUL. A trifle! Sir, let's have it.

ARCH. I'm asham'd to offer you a trifle, madam: But since you command me——

[Sings to the tune of sir Simon the King.

A trifling song you shall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended, &c.

Mrs. SUL. Very well, sir, we're oblig'd to you——
Something for a pair of gloves. [Offering him money.

ARCH. I humbly beg leave to be excus'd: my master, madam, pays me; nor dare I take money from any other hand, without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands. [Exit.

DOR. This is surprizing: Did you ever see so pretty a well-bred fellow?

Mrs. SUL. The devil take him for wearing that livery.

DOR. I fancy, sister, he may be some gentleman, a friend of my lord's, that his lordship has pitch'd upon for his courage, fidelity and discretion, to bear him company in this dress, and who, ten to one, was his second.

Mrs. SUL. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so——For I like him.

DOR. What! better than the count?

Mrs. SUL. The count happen'd to be the most agreeable man upon the place; and so I chose him to serve me in my design upon my husband.——But I should like this fellow better in a design upon myself.

DOR. But now, sister, for an interview with his lord and this gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

Mrs. SUL. Patience! You country ladies give no quarter, if once you be enter'd—wou'd you prevent their desires, and give the fellows no wishing time.—Look'e Dorinda, if my lord Aimwell loves you, or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and there we must leave it——My busi-

ness comes now upon the tapis.—Have you prepar'd your brother?

DOR. Yes, yes.

Mrs. SUL. And how did he relish it?

DOR. He said little, mumbled something to himself, promis'd to be guided by me: But here he comes.

Enter Sullen.

SUL. What singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. SUL. The singing in your head, my dear, you complain'd of it all day.

SUL. You're impertinent.

Mrs. SUL. I was ever so, since I became one flesh with you.

SUL. One flesh! rather two carcases join'd unnaturally together.

Mrs. SUL. Or rather a living soul coupled to a dead body.

DOR. So, this is fine encouragement for me!

SUL. Yes, my wife shews you what you must do.

Mrs. SUL. And my husband shews you what you must suffer.

SUL. 'Sdeath, why can't you be silent?

Mrs. SUL. 'Sdeath, why can't you talk?

SUL. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. SUL. Do you think to any purpose?

SUL. Sister, hark'e; [Whispers.] I shan't be home till it be late. [Exit.

Mrs. SUL. What did he whisper to ye?

DOR. That he would go round the back-way, come in to the closet, and listen as I directed him.—But let me beg you once more, dear sister, to drop this project; for,

as I told you before, instead of awaking him to kindness, you may provoke him to rage ; and then who knows how far his brutality may carry him ?

Mrs. SUL. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you. But here comes the count, vanish. [Exit Dorinda.

Enter Count Bellair.

Don't you wonder, Monsieur le Count, that I was not at church this afternoon ?

COUNT. I more wonder, madam, that you go dere at all, or how you dare lift those eyes to heaven that are guilty of so much killing.

Mrs. SUL. If heaven, sir, has given to my eyes, with the power of killing, the virtue of making a cure, I hope the one may atone for the other.

COUNT. O largely, madam, wou'd your ladyship be as ready to apply the remedy, as to give the wound——Consider, madam, I am doubly a prisoner ; first to the arms of your general, then to your more conquering eyes ; my first chains are easy, there a ransom may redeem me, but from your fetters I never shall get free.

Mrs. SUL. Alas, sir ! why shou'd you complain to me of your captivity, who am in chains myself ? You know, sir, that I am bound, nay, must be tied up in that particular that might give you ease : I am, like you, a prisoner of war——of war indeed——I have given my parole of honour ; wou'd you break yours to gain your liberty ?

COUNT. Most certainly I wou'd, were I a prisoner among the Turks ; dis is your case, you're a slave, madam, slave to the worst of Turks ; a husband.

Mrs. SUL. There lies my foible, I confess ; no fortifications, no courage, conduct, nor vigilancy, can pretend to

defend a place, where the cruelty of the governor forces the garrison to mutiny.

COUNT. And where de besieger is resolv'd to die before de place—Here will I fix; [Kneels.] with tears, vows and prayers assault your heart, and never rise 'till you surrender; or if I must storm—love and St. Michael—And so I begin the attack.—

Mrs. SUL. Stand off—sure he hears me not—and I cou'd almost wish—he did not--the fellow makes love very prettily. [Aside.] But, sir, why shou'd you put such a value upon my person, when you see it despis'd by one that knows it so much better?

COUNT. He knows it not, tho' he posselles it; if he but knew the value of the jewel he is master of, he wou'd always wear it next his heart, and sleep with it in his arms.

Mrs. SUL. But since he throws me unregarded from him—

COUNT. And one that knows your value well, comes by, and takes you up, is it not justice?

[Goes to lay hold on her.]

Enter Sullen with his sword drawn.

SUL. Hold, villain, hold.

Mrs. SUL. [Presenting a pistol.] Do you hold?

SUL. What! murder your husband, to defend your bully?

Mrs. SUL. Bully! for shame, Mr. Sullen, bullies wear long swords, the gentleman has none; he's a prisoner, you know—I was aware of your outrage, and prepar'd this to

receive your violence; and, if occasion were, to preserve myself against the force of this other gentleman.

COUNT. O, madam, your eyes be better fire-arms than your pistol, they never miss.

SUL. What! court my wife to my face!

Mrs. SUL. Pray, Mr. Sullen, put up, suspend your fury for a minute.

SUL. To give time to invent an excuse.

Mrs. SUL. I need none.

SUL. No, for I heard every syllable of your discourse.

COUNT. Ay! and begar, I tink de dialogue was vera pretty.

Mrs. SUL. Then, I suppose, sir, you heard something of your own barbarity?

SUL. Barbarity! Oons, what does the woman call barbarity? Do I ever meddle with you?

Mrs. SUL. No.

SUL. As for you, sir, I shall take another time.

COUNT. Ah, begar, so must I.

SUL. Look'e, madam, don't think that my anger proceeds from any concern I have for your honour, but for my own; and if you can contrive any way of being a whore without making me a cuckold, do it and welcome.

Mrs. SUL. Sir, I thank you kindly; you wou'd allow me the sin, but rob me of the pleasure. No, no, I'm resolv'd never to venture upon the crime without the satisfaction of seeing you punish'd for't.

SUL. Then will you grant me this, my dear? Let any body else do you the favour but that Frenchman, for I mostally hate his whole generation. [Exit.

COUNT. Ah, sir, that be ungrateful, for begar, I love
some of yours; madam.—— [Approaching her.]

Mrs. SUL. No, sir.——

COUNT. No, sir!—Garzoon, madam, I am not your
husband.

Mrs. SUL. 'Tis time to undeceive you, sir——I be-
liev'd your addreses to me were no more than an amuse-
ment, and I hope you will think the same of my com-
plaisance; and to convince you that you ought, you must
know, that I brought you hither only to make you instru-
mental in setting me right with my husband, for he was
planted to listen by my appointment.

COUNT. By your appointment?

Mrs. SUL. Certainly.

COUNT. And so, madam, while I was telling twenty
stories to part you from your husband, begar, I was bring-
ing you together all the while.

Mrs. SUL. I ask your pardon, sir; but I hope this will
give you a taste of the virtue of the English ladies.

COUNT. Begar, madam, your virtue be vera great, but
garzoon, your honeste be vera little.

Enter Dorinda.

Mrs. SUL. Nay, now you're angry, sir.

COUNT. Angry! Fair Dorinda [sings Dorinda the opera
tune, and addresses to Dorinda.] Madam, when your lady-
ship wants a fool, send for me. Fair Dorinda, revenge, &c.

[Exit.

Mrs. SUL. There goes the true humour of his nation,
resentment with good manners, and the height of anger in a

song—Well, sister, you must be judge, for you have heard the trial.

DOR. And I bring in my brother guilty.

Mrs. SUL. But I must bear the punishment——'Tis hard, sister.

DOR. I own it——but you must have patience.

Mrs. SUL. Patience! The cant of custom——Providence sends no evil without a remedy——shou'd I lie groaning under a yoke I can shake off, I were accessory to my ruin, and my patience were no better than self-murder.

DOR. But how can you shake off the yoke——Your divisions don't come within the reach of the law, for a divorce.

Mrs. SUL. Law! What law can search into the remote abyss of nature? what evidence can prove the unaccountable disaffections of wedlock?——Can a jury sum up the endless aversions that are rooted in our souls, or can a bench give judgment upon antipathies?

DOR. They never pretended, sister; they never meddle but in case of uncleanness.

Mrs. SUL. Uncleanness! O sister, casual violation is a transient injury, and may possibly be repair'd, but can rancorous hatred be ever reconcil'd?——No, no, sister, nature is the first law-giver, and when she has set tempers opposite, not all the golden links of wedlock, nor iron manacles of law can keep 'em fast.

Wedlock we own ordain'd by heaven's decree,
But such as heaven ordain'd it first to be,
Concurring tempers in the man and wife,
As mutual helps to draw the load of life.

View all the works of providence above,
 The stars with harmony and concord move;
 View all the works of providence below,
 The fire, the water, earth and air we know,
 All in one plant agree to make it grow.
 Must man, the chiefest work of art divine,
 Be doom'd in endless discord to repine?
 No, we should injure heaven by that surmise;
 Omnipotence is just, were man but wise.

}

A C T IV.

SCENE continues.

Enter Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs. SUL. **W**ERE I born an humble Turk, where
 women have no soul nor property, there
 I must sit contented——But in England, a country whose
 women are its glory, must woman be abus'd? Where
 women rule, must women be enslav'd? Nay, cheate
 into slavery? mock'd by a promise of comfortable society
 into a wilderness of solitude?——I dare not keep the
 thought about me——O! here comes something to di-
 vert me——

Enter a Country-woman.

Wom. I come, an't please your ladyship; you're my lady
 Bountiful; an't ye?

Mrs. SUL. Well, good woman, go on.

WOM. I come seventeen long mail to have a cure for my husband's fore leg.

Mrs. SUL. Your husband! What, woman, cure your husband!

WOM. Ay, poor man, for his fore leg won't let him stir from home.

Mrs. SUL. There, I confess, you have given me a reason. Well, good woman, I'll tell you what you must do—You must lay your husband's leg upon a table, and with a chopping-knife you must lay it open as broad as you can, then you must take out the bone, and beat the flesh soundly with a rolling-pin, then take salt, pepper, cloves, mace and ginger, some sweet-herbs, and season it very well, then roll it up like a brawn, and put it into the oven for two hours.

WOM. Heaven reward your ladyship—I have two little babies too that are piteous had with the graips an't please ye.

Mrs. SUL. Put a little pepper and salt in their bellies, good woman.

Enter Lady Bountiful.

I beg your ladyship's pardon for taking your business out of your hands, I have been a tampering here a little with one of your patients.

L. BOUN. Come, good woman, don't mind this mad creature; I am the person that you want, I suppose—What would you have, woman?

Mrs. SUL. She wants something for her husband's fore leg.

L. BOUN. What's the matter with his leg, goody?

WOM. It came first, as one might say, with a sort of dizziness in his foot, then he had a kind of laziness in his joints, and then his leg broke out, and then it swell'd, and then it clos'd again, and then it broke out again, and then it fester'd, and then it grew better, and then it grew worse again.

Mrs. SUL. Ha, ha, ha.

L. BOUN. How can you be merry with the misfortunes of other people?

Mrs. SUL. Because my own make me sad, madam.

L. BOUN. The worst reason in the world, daughter; your own misfortunes should teach you to pity others.

Mrs. SUL. But the woman's misfortunes and mine are nothing alike; her husband is sick, and mine, alas! is in health.

L. BOUN. What! wou'd you wish your husband sick?

Mrs. SUL. Not of a sore leg of all things.

L. BOUN. Well, good woman, go to the pantry, get your belly-full of victuals, then I'll give you a receipt of diet-drink for your husband—But d'ye hear, goody, you must not let your husband move too much.

WOM. No, no, madam, the poor man's inclinable enough to lie still.

L. BOUN. Well, daughter Sullen, tho' you laugh, I have done miracles about the country here with my receipts.

Mrs. SUL. Miracles indeed, if they have cur'd any body; but I believe, madam, the patient's faith goes farther toward the miracle than your prescription.

L. BOUN. Fancy helps in some cases; but there's your husband, who has as little fancy as any body, I brought him from death's door.

Mrs. SUL. I suppose, madam, you made him drink plentifully of ass's milk.

Enter Dorinda, runs to Mrs. Sullen.

DOR. News, dear sister, news, news.

Enter Archer running.

ARCH. Where, where is my lady Bountiful?——
Pray, which is the old lady of you three?

L. BOUN. I am.

ARCH. O, madam, the fame of your ladyship's charity, goodness, benevolence, skill and ability have drawn me hither to implore your ladyship's help in behalf of my unfortunate master, who is this moment breathing his last.

L. BOUN. Your master! where is he?

ARCH. At your gate, madam, drawn by the appearance of your handsome house to view it nearer, and walking up the avenue within five paces of the court-yard, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of I know not what, but down he fell, and there he lies.

L. BOUN. Here, Scrub, Gipsy, all run, get my easy chair down stairs, put the gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

ARCH. Heaven will reward your ladyship for this charitable act.

L. BOUN. Is your master us'd to these fits?

ARCH. O yes, madam, frequently——I have known him have five or six of a night.

L. BOUN. What's his name ?

ARCH. Lord, madam, he's a dying ; a minute's care or neglect may save or destroy his life.

L. BOUN. Ah, poor gentleman ; come, friend, shew me the way ; I'll see him brought in myself. [Exit with Arch.]

DOR. O, sister, my heart flutters about strangely, I can hardly forbear running to his assistance.

Mrs. SUL. And I'll lay my life, he deserves your assistance more than he wants it : Did not I tell you that my lord wou'd find a way to come at you ? Love's his distemper, and you must be the physician ; put on all your charms, summon all your fire into your eyes, plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with him.

DOR. O, sister, I'm, but a young gunner, I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece shou'd recoil, and hurt myself.

Mrs. SUL. Never fear, you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

DOR. No, no, sister, you have miss'd your mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

Enter Aimwell in a chair, carry'd by Archer and Scrub,
Lady Bountiful, Gipsy : Aimwell counterfeiting a swoon.

L. BOUN. Here, here, let's see the hartshorn drops—
Gipsy, a glass of fair water, his fit's very strong—Bless me, how his hands are clinch'd.

ARCH. For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?—Pray, madam, [To Dorinda] take his hand, and open it if you can, whilst I hold his head.

[Dorinda takes his hand.

DOR. Poor gentleman——Oh——he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully——

L. BOUN. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

ARCH. O, madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these cases——he'll bite you if you don't have a care.

DOR. Oh, my hand, my hand.

L. BOUN. What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got this hand open you see, with a great deal of ease.

ARCH. Ay, but, madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

Mrs. SUL. I find, friend, you're very learned in these sorts of fits.

ARCH. 'Tis no wonder, madam, for I'm often troubled with them myself; I find myself extremely ill at this minute.

[Looking hardly at Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs. SUL. [Aside.] I fancy I cou'd find a way to cure you.

L. BOUN. His fit holds him very long.

ARCH. Longer than usual, madam——Pray, young lady, open his breast, and give him air.

L. BOUN. Where did his illness take him first, pray?

ARCH. To-day at church, madam.

L. BOUN. In what manner was he taken?

ARCH. Very strangely, my lady. He was of a sudden touch'd with something in his eyes, which at the first he

only felt, but could not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure.

L. BOUN. Wind, nothing but wind.

ARCH. By soft degrees it grew and mounted to his brain, there his fancy caught it; there form'd it so beautiful, and dress'd it up in such gay, pleasing colours, that his transported appetite seiz'd the fair idea, and strait convey'd it to his heart. That hospitable seat of life sent all its sanguine spirits forth to meet, and open'd all its sluicy gates to take the stranger in.

L. BOUN. Your master shou'd never go without a bottle to smell to—Oh!—he recovers—the lavender-water—some feathers to burn under his nose—Hungary water to rub his temples—O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, fir, hem—Gipsy, bring the cordial-water.

[Aimwell seems to wake in amaze.

DOR. How d'ye, fir?

AIM. Where am I?

[Rising.

Sure I have pass'd the gulph of silent death,

And now I land on the Elisian shore——

Behold the goddesses of those happy plains,

Fair Proserpine—let me adore thy bright divinity.

[Kneels to Dorinda, and kisses her hand.

Mrs. SUL. So, so, so, I knew where the fit wou'd end.

AIM. Euridice perhaps——

How cou'd thy Orpheus keep his word,

And not look back upon thee?

No treasure but thyself cou'd sure have brib'd him

To look one minute off thee.

L. BOUN. Delirious, poor gentleman!

ARCH. Very delirious, madam, very delirious.

AIM. Martin's voice, I think.

ARCH. Yes, my lord. How does your lordship?

L. BOUN. Lord! did you mind that, girls?

AIM. Where am I?

ARCH. In very good hands, sir—You were taken just now with one of your old fits, under the trees, just by this good lady's house: her ladyship had taken you in, and has miraculously brought you to yourself, as you see—

AIM. I am so confounded with shame, madam, that I can now only beg pardon—and refer my acknowledgements for your ladyship's care, till an opportunity offers of making some amends—I dare be no longer troublesome—Martin, give two guineas to the servants. [Going.

DOR. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the air; you don't look, sir, as if you were perfectly recovered. [Here Archer talks to lady Bountiful in dumb shew.

AIM. That I shall never be, madam; my present illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my grave.

Mrs. SUL. Don't despair, sir, I have known several in your distemper shake it off, with a fortnight's physick.

L. BOUN. Come, sir, your servant has been telling me, that you're apt to relapse, if you go into the air—Your good manners shan't get the better of ours—You shall sit down again, sir:—Come, sir, we don't mind ceremonies in the country:—Here, sir, my service t'ye—You shall taste my water; 'tis a cordial I can assure you, and of my own making—Drink it off, sir: [Aimwell drinks] And how d'ye find yourself, now, sir?

AIM. Somewhat better—tho' very faint still.

L. BOUN. Ay, ay, people are always faint after these fits.—Come, girls, you shall shew the gentleman the house; 'tis but an old family building, sir, but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immedi-

tely into the air——You'll find some tolerable pictures.—
Dorinda, shew the gentleman the way; I must go to the
poor woman below. [Exit.

DOR. This way, sir.

AIM. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my servant to wait
on you, for he understands pictures very well.

Mrs. SULL. Sir, we understand originals, as well as he
does pictures, so he may come along.

[Exit Dcr. Mrs. Sull. Aim. Arch. Aim. leads Dor.

Enter Foigard and Scrub, meeting.

FOIG. Save you, master Scrub.

SCRUB. Sir, I won't be sav'd your way—I hate a priest,
I abhor the French, and I defy the devil——Sir, I'm a
bold Briton, and will spill the last drop of my blood to keep
out popery and slavery.

FOIG. Master Scrub, you would put me down in poli-
ticks, and so I wou'd be speaking with Mrs. Gipsey.

SCRUB. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her;
she's sick, sir; she's gone abroad, sir; she's——dead two
months ago, sir.

Enter Gipsey.

GIP. How now, impudence! How dare you talk so
faucily to the doctor? Pray, sir, don't take it ill; for
the common people of England are not so civil to strangers
as——

SCRUB. You lie, you lie;——'tis the common people
that are civilest to strangers.

GIP. Sirrah, I have a good mind to——get you out, I
say.

SCRUB. I won't.

GIP. You won't, sauce-box—Pray, doctor, what is the captain's name that came to your inn last night?

SCRUB. The captain! ah the devil, there she hampers me again—The captain has me on one side, and the priest on t'other: so between the gown and the sword, I have a fine time on't—But, *cedant arma togæ*. [Going.

GIP. What, firrah, won't you march?

SCRUB. No, my dear, I won't march—but I'll walk—And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[Goes behind the side-scene, and listens.

GIP. Indeed, doctor, the count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

FOIG. Ah, Mrs. Gipsy, upon my shoul, now, gra, his complainings would mollify the marrow in your bones, and move the bowels of your commiseration; he weeps, and he dances, and he fittles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings: In conclusion, joy, he's afflicted, a la Francois, and a stranger wou'd not know whider to cry, or to laugh with him.

GIP. What wou'd you have me do, doctor?

FOIG. Nothing, joy, but only hide the count in Mrs. Sullen's closet, when it is dark.

GIP. Nothing! Is that nothing? it wou'd be both a sin, and a shame, doctor.

FOIG. Here is twenty Lewidores, joy, for your shame; and I will give you an absolution for the shin.

GIP. But won't that money look like a bribe?

FOIG. Dat is according as you should tauk it.—If you receive the money beforehand, 'twill be logice a bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a gratification.

GIP. Well, doctor, I'll take it logice—But what must I do with my conscience, sir?

FOIG. Leave dat vid me, joy; I am your priest, gra; and your conscience is under my hands.

GIP. But shou'd I put the count in the closet—

FOIG. Vell, is there any shin for a man's being in a closet? one may go to prayers in a closet.

GIP. But if the lady shou'd come into her chamber, and go to bed.

FOIG. Vel, and is dere any shin in going to bed, joy?

GIP. Ay, but if the parties shou'd meet, doctor?

FOIG. Vel den—de parties must be responsible—Do you be gone after putting the count in the closet, and leave the shins with themselves—I will come with the count, to instruct you in your chamber.

GIP. Well, doctor, your religion is so pure—Me thinks I'm so easy after an absolution, and can sin afresh with so much security, that I'm resolv'd to die a martyr to't—Here's the key of the garden-door; come in the back way, when 'tis late—I'll be ready to receive you: but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the count, and follow me.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Scrub.

SCRUB. What witchcraft now have these two imps of the devil been a hatching here?—There's twenty Lewi-jores; I heard that, and saw the purse; but I must give room to my betters.

[Exit.]

Enter Aimwell leading Dorinda, and making love in dumb
shew——Mrs Sullen and Archer.

Mrs. SUL. Pray, sir, [To Archer] how d'ye like that piece?

ARCH. O, 'tis Leda—You find, madam, how Jupiter comes disguis'd to make love——

Mrs. SUL. But what think you there of Alexander's battles?

ARCH. We want only a Le Brun, madam, to draw greater battles, and a greater general of our own.—The Danube, madam, wou'd make a greater figure in a picture than the Granicus; and we have our Ramilies to match their Arbela.

Mrs. SUL. Pray, sir, what head is that in the corner there?

ARCH. O, madam, 'tis poor Ovid in his exile.

Mrs. SUL. What was he banish'd for?

ARCH. His ambitious love, madam. [Bowing.] His misfortune touches me.

Mrs. SUL. Was he successful in his amours?

ARCH. There he has left us in the dark.—He was too much a gentleman to tell.

Mrs. SUL. If he were secret, I pity him.

ARCH. And if he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. SUL. How d'ye like that Venus over the chimney?

ARCH. Venus! I protest, madam, I took it for your picture: but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. SUL. Oh, what a charm is flattery? if you wou'd see my picture, there it is over that cabinet—How d'ye like it?

ARCH. I must admire any thing, madam, that has the least resemblance of you—But, methinks, madam——
[He looks at the picture and Mrs. Sullen three or four times by turns] Pray, madam, who drew it?

Mrs. SUL. A famous hand, sir.

[Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.]

ARCH. A famous hand, madam:—Your eyes, indeed, are featur'd there; but where's the sparkling moisture, shining fluid, in which they swim? The picture, indeed, has your dimples; but where's the swarm of killing Cupids that shou'd ambush there? The lips too are figur'd out; but where's the carnation-dew, the pouting ripeness that tempts the taste in the original?

Mrs. SUL. Had it been my lot to have match'd with such a man! [Aside.]

ARCH. Your breasts too, presumptuous man! what! paint heaven! Apropos, madam, in the very next picture is Salmoneus, that was struck dead with lightning, for offering to imitate Jove's thunder: I hope you serv'd the painter so, madam?

Mrs. SUL. Had my eyes the power of thunder, they shou'd employ their lightning better.

ARCH. There's the finest bed in that room, madam, I suppose 'tis your ladyship's bed-chamber?

Mrs. SUL. And what then, sir?

ARCH. I think the quilt is the richest that ever I saw—I can't, at this distance, madam, distinguish the figures of the embroidery: Will you give me leave, madam?

Mrs. SUL. The devil take his impudence—Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not offer it—I have a great mind to try—[Going.] [Returns.] 'Sdeath, what am I doing?—And alone too!—Sister, sister. [Runs out.]

ARCH. I'll follow her close——

For where a Frenchman durst attempt to storm,
A Briton, sure, may well the work perform. [Going.

Enter Scrub.

SCRUB. Martin, brother Martin.

ARCH. O brother Scrub, I beg your pardon, I was not
a going. Here's a guinea my master order'd you.

SCRUB. A guinea; hi, hi, hi, a guinea! eh———by
this light it is a guinea; but I suppose you expect one
and twenty shillings in change.

ARCH. Not at all, I have another for Gipsy.

SCRUB. A guinea for her! Faggot and fire for the witch
———Sir, give me that guinea, and I'll discover a plot.

ARCH. A plot!

SCRUB. Ay, sir, a plot, a horrid plot—First, it must
be a plot, because there's a woman in't: Secondly, it must
be a plot, because there's a priest in't: Thirdly, it must
be a plot, because there's French gold in't: And fourth-
ly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make
on't.

ARCH. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother Scrub.

SCRUB. Truly, I'm afraid so too; for where there's a
priest and a woman, there's always a mystery and a rid-
dle——This, I know, that here has been the doctor with
a temptation in one hand, and an absolution in the other,
and Gipsy has sold herself to the devil; I saw the price
paid down, my eyes shall take their oath on't.

ARCH. And is all this bustle about Gipsy?

SCRUB. That's not all; I cou'd bear but a word here and there; but I remember they mention'd a count, a closet, a back-door, and a key.

ARCH. The count! Did you hear nothing of Mrs. Sullen!

SCRUB. I did hear some word that sounded that way: But whether it was Sullen or Dorinda, I cou'd not distinguish.

ARCH. You have told this matter to no body, brother?

SCRUB. Told! No, sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one word pro nor con, till we have a peace.

ARCH. You're i'th' right, brother Scrub; here's a treaty a foot between the count and the lady—The priest and the chamber maid are the plenipotentiaries—It shall go hard, but I find a way to be included in the treaty—Where's the doctor now?

SCRUB. He and Gipsy are this moment devouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

AIM. [From without.] Martin! Martin!

ARCH. I come, sir, I come.

SCRUB. But you forgot the other guinea, brother Martin.

ARCH. Here I give it with all my heart. [Exit.

SCRUB. And I take it with all my soul—Icod I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. Gipsy; and if you should set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off.

[Exit.

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, meeting.

Mrs. SUL. Well, sister.

DOR. And well, sister.

Mrs. SUL. What's become of my lord?

DOR. What's become of his servant?

Mrs. SUL. Servant! He's a prettier fellow, and a finer gentleman by fifty degrees than his master.

DOR. O' my conscience, I fancy you cou'd beg that fellow at the gallows-foot.

Mrs. SUL. O' my conscience I cou'd, provided I cou'd put a friend of yours in his room?

DOR. You desir'd me, sister, to leave you, when you transgress'd the bounds of honour.

Mrs. SUL. Thou dear censorious country girl—what dost mean? You can't think of the man without the bedfellow, I find.

DOR. I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought; while the mind is conversant with flesh and blood, it must conform to the humours of the company.

Mrs. SUL. How a little love and good company improves a woman! Why, child, you begin to live—you never spoke before.

DOR. Because I was never spoke to—my lord has told me, that I have more wit and beauty than any of my sex; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

Mrs. SUL. You're in the right, Dorinda; pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread; and she's a fool that won't believe a man there, as much as she that believes him in any thing else—But I'll lay you a guinea, that I had finer things said to me than you had.

DOR. Done—What did your fellow say to ye?

Mrs. SUL. My fellow took the picture of Venus for mine.

DOR. But my lover took me for Venus herself.

Mrs. SUL. Common cant! Had my spark call'd me Venus directly, I should have believed him a footman in good earnest.

DOR. But my lover was upon his knees to me.

Mrs. SUL. And mine was upon his tiptoes to me.

DOR. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. SUL. Mine swore to die with me.

DOR. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. SUL. Mine had moving things too.

DOR. Mine kiss'd my hand ten thousand times.

Mrs. SUL. Mine has all that pleasure to come.

DOR. Mine offer'd marriage.

Mrs. SUL. O laird! D'ye call that a moving thing?

DOR. The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister:—Why, my ten thousand pounds may lie brooding here this seven years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natur'd clown like yours:—Whereas, if I marry my lord Aimwell, there will be title, place, and precedence; the park, the play, and the drawing-room; splendor, equipage, noise, and flambeaux.—Hey, my lady Aimwell's servants there—Lights, lights to the stairs—My lady Aimwell's coach, put forward—Stand by; make room for her ladyship—Are not these moving? What! melancholy of a sudden?

Mrs. SUL. Happy, happy sister! Your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has slept regard-

less of his charge—Long smiling years of circling joys for you, but not one hour for me! [Weeps.

DOR. Come, my dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs. SUL. O Dorinda, I own myself a woman, full of my sex, a gentle generous soul—easy and yielding to soft desire; a spacious heart, where love and all his train might lodge. And must the fair apartment of my breast be made a stable for a brute to lie in?

DOR. Meaning your husband, I suppose?

Mrs. SUL. Husband! No—Even husband is too soft a name for him—But come, I expect my brother here to-night or to-morrow; he was abroad when my father marry'd me, perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

DOR. Will you promise not to make yourself easy in the mean time with my lord's friend?

Mrs. SUL. You mistake me, sister—It happens with us, as among the men, the greatest talkers are the greatest cowards, and there's a reason for it; those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course—Tho', to confess the truth, I do love that fellow;—and if I met him dress'd as he shou'd be, and I undress'd as I shou'd be——Look'e, sister, I have no supernatural gifts;——I can't swear I cou'd resist the temptation——tho' I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do.

[Exit Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.

Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing.

ARCH. And the awkward kindness of the good motherly old gentlewoman——

AIM. And the coming easiness of the young one——
'Sdeath, 'tis pity to deceive her.

ARCH. Nay, if you adhere to those principles, stop where you are.

AIM. I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

ARCH. 'Sdeath, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther.

AIM. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle evenings at White's, Tom's, or Will's, and be flinted to bear looking at our old acquaintance, the cards; because our impotent pockets can't afford us a guinea for the mercenary drabs.

ARCH. Or be obliged to some purse-proud coxcomb for a scandalous bottle, where we must not pretend to our share of the discourse, because we can't pay our club o' th' reckoning:——Damn it, I had rather sponge upon Morris, and sup upon a dish of bohea scor'd behind the door.

AIM. And there expose our want of sense by talking criticisms, as we should our want of money by railing at the government.

ARCH. Or be obliged to sneak into the side-box, and between both houses, steal two acts of a play; and because we han't money to see the other three, we come away discontented, and damn the whole five.

AIM. And ten thousand such rascally tricks—had we outliv'd our fortunes among our acquaintance—but now.——

ARCH. Ay, now, is the time to prevent all this—Strike while the iron is hot—This priest is the luckiest part of our adventure—He shall marry you, and pimp for me.

AIM. But I shou'd not like a woman that can be so fond of a Frenchman.

ARCH. Alas, sir, necessity has no law; the lady may be in distress; perhaps she has a confounded husband, and her revenge may carry her farther than her love—Igad, I have so good an opinion of her, and of myself, that I begin to fancy strange things; and we must say this for the honour of our women, and indeed of ourselves, that they do stick to their men, as they do to their Magna Charta.—If the plot lies as I suspect——I must put on the gentleman.—But here comes the doctor:—I shall be ready.

[Exit,

Enter Foigard.

FOIG. Saave you, noble friend.

AIM. O sir, your servant: pray, doctor, may I crave your name?

FOIG. Fat name is upon me? My name is Foigard, joy.

AIM. Foigard! A very good name for a clergyman: Pray, doctor Foigard, were you ever in Ireland?

FOIG. Ireland. No, joy:——Fat sort of plaace is dat saam Ireland? Dey say de people are catch'd dere when dey are young.

AIM. And some of 'em when they're old;—as for example. [Takes Foigard by the shoulder.] Sir, I arrest you as a traitor against the government; you're a subject of England, and this morning shewed me a commission, by which you serv'd as chaplain in the French army: This is death by our law, and your reverence must hang for't.

FOIG. Upon my shoul, noble friend, dis is strange news you tell me; fader Foigard a subject of England! de son of a burgomaster of Brussels, a subject of England! Uboo—boo—

AIM. The son of a bog trotter in Ireland; fir, your tongue will condemn you before any bench in the kingdom.

FOIG. And is my tongue all your evidensh, joy?

AIM. That's enough.

FOIG. No, no, joy, for I vill never spake English no more.

AIM. Sir, I have other evidence——Here, Martin, you know this fellow.

Enter Archer.

ARCH. [In a Brogue] Saave you, my dear cussen, how does your health?

FOIG. Ah! Upon my shoul dere is my countryman, and his brogue will hang mine. [Aside.] Mynheer, ick wet neat watt hey zacht, ick universton ewe neae, sacramant.

AIM. Altering your language won't do, fir, this fellow knows your person, and will swear to your face.

FOIG. Faash! Fey is dere a brogue upon my faash too?

ARCH. Upon my soulvation dere ish joy——But, cussen Mackshane, vil you not put a remembrance upon me?

FOIG. Mackshane! by St. Patrick, dat ish my naame sure enough. [Aside.]

AIM. I fancy, Archer, you have it.

FOIG. The devil hang you, joy——by fat acquaintance are you my cussen?

ARCH. O, de devil hang your shelf, joy; you know we were little boys togeder upon de school, and your foster-moder's son was married upon my nurse's chister, joy, and so we are Irish cussens.

FOIG. De devil take de relation! Vel, joy, and fat school was it?

ARCH. I think it vas——Ay,——'twas Tipperary.

FOIG. No, no, joy; it was Kilkenny.

AIM. That's enough for us—Self-confession—Come, fir, we must deliver you into the hands of the next magistrate.

ARCH. He sends you to gaol, you're try'd next assizes, and away you go swing into purgatory.

FOIG. And is it so wid you, cussen?

ARCH. It vill be so wid you, cussen, if you don't immediately confess the secret between you and Mrs. Gipsy—Look'e, fir, the gallows or the secret, take your choice.

FOIG. The gallows! upon my shoul I hate that shame gallows, for it is a diseath dat is fatal to our family.—Vel, den, dere is nothing. shentlemens, but Mrs. Sullen would spaak with the count in her chamber at midnight, and there ish no harm, joy, for I am to conduct the count to the plash myself.

ARCH. As I gues'd——Have you communicated the matter to the count?

FOIG. I have not sheen him since.

ARCH. Right again; why then, doctor——you shall conduct me to the lady instead of the count.

FOIG. Fat my cussen to the lady! Upon my shoul, gra, dat is too much upon de brogue.

ARCH. Come, come, doctor, consider we have got a rope about your neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your wind-pipe, most certainly; we shall have another jobb for you in a day or two I hope.

AIM. Here's company coming this way, let's into my chamber, and there concert our affairs farther.

ARCH. Come my dear cussen, come along. [Exit.

Enter Boniface, Hounslow and Bagshot at one door, Gibbet at the opposite.

GIB. Well, gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our enterprise.

HOUN. Dark as hell.

BAG. And blows like the devil; our landlord here has shew'd us the window where we must break in, and tells us the plate stands in the wainscot cupboard in the parlour.

BON. Ay, ay, Mr. Bagshot, as the saying is, knives and forks, and cups, and cans, and tumblers and tankards—There's one tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me, it was a present to the squire from his god-mother, and smells of nutmeg and toast like an East-India ship.

HOUN. Then you say we must divide at the stair-head?

BON. Yes, Mr. Hounslow, as the saying is—At one end of that gallery lies my lady Bountiful and her daughter, and at the other Mrs. Sullen—as for the squire—

GIB. He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half seas over already—But such a parcel of scoundrels have got about him now, that I gad I was ashamed to be seen in their company.

BON. 'Tis now twelve, as the saying is—Gentlemen, you must set out at once.

GIB. Hounslow, do you and Bagshot see our arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

HOUN. } We will.
BAG. }

[Exeunt.]

GIB. Well, my dear Bonny, you assure me that Scrub is a coward?

BON. A chicken, as the saying is——You'll have no creature but the ladies.

GIB. And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal of address and good manners in robbing a lady; I am the most a gentleman that way that ever travell'd the road—But, my dear Bonny, this prize will be a galleon, a Vigo business——I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand pound.

BON. In plate, jewels and money, as the saying is, you may.

GIB. Why then, Tyburn, I defy thee. I'll get up to town, sell off my horse and arms, buy myself some pretty employment in the household, and be as snug, and as honest as any courtier of 'em all.

BON. And what think you then of my daughter Cherry for a wife?

GIB. Look'e, my dear Bonny—Cherry is the goddess I adore; as the song goes; but it is a maxim that man and wife shou'd never have it in their power to hang one another, for if they shou'd, the lord have mercy on them both.

[Exeunt.

A C T V.

SCENE continues. Knocking without.

Enter Boniface.

Coming, coming—A coach and six foaming horses at this time o'night! Some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir CH. What fellow! A publick-house, and a-bed when other people sleep?

BON. Sir, I an't a-bed, as the saying is.

Sir CH. Is Mr. Sullen's family a-bed think'e?

BON. All but the squire himself, sir, as the saying is, he's in the house.

Sir CH. What company has he?

BON. Why, sir, there's the constable, Mr. Gage the exciseman, the hunch-back'd barber, and two or three other gentlemen.

Sir CH. I find my sister's letters gave me the true picture of her spouse.

Enter Sullen drunk.

BON. Sir, here's the squire.

SUL. The puppies left me asleep, sir.

Sir CH. Well, sir.

SUL. Sir, I am an unfortunate man——I have three thousand pound a year, and I can't get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

Sir CH. That's very hard.

SUL. Ay, sir—And unless you have pity upon me, and smoak one pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my wife and I had rather go to the devil by half.

Sir CH. But I presume, sir, you won't see your wife to-night, she'll be gone to bed—you don't use to lie with your wife in that pickle?

SUL. What! not lie with my wife! Why, sir, do you take me for an atheist or a rake?

Sir CH. If you hate her, sir, I think you had better lie from her.

SUL. I think so too, friend——But I am a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

Sir CH. Law! as I take it, Mr. Justice, no body observes law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

SUL. But if the law orders me to send you to gaol, you must lie there, my friend.

Sir CH. Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

SUL. A crime! Oons, an't I marry'd?

Sir CH. Nay, sir, if you call marriage a crime, you must disown it for a law.

SUL. Eh!—I must be acquainted with you sir—But, sir, I shou'd be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

Sir CH. Truth, sir, is a profound sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, sir, I'm afraid the line of your understanding mayn't be long enough.

SUL. Look'e, fir, I have nothing to say to your sea of truth, but if a good parcel of land can entitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the country.

BON. I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

SUL. Because I never met with a man that I lik'd before——

BON. Pray, fir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question? Are not man and wife one flesh?

SIR CH. You and your wife, Mr. Guts, may be one flesh, because you are ~~nothing else~~ but rational creatures have minds that must be united.

SUL. Minds!

SIR CH. Ay, minds, fir; don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

SUL. In some people.

SIR CH. Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of his servant.

SUL. Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow—Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

SIR CH. Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the actions of life; but I cou'd not say so much, if they were all at cuffs.

SUL. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

SIR CH. Why don't you part with her, fir?

SUL. Will you take her, fir?

SIR CH. With all my heart.

SUL. You shall have her to-morrow morning, and a venison pasty into the bargain.

SIR CH. You'll let me have her fortune too?

SUL. Fortune! why, fir, I have no quarrel at her fortune—I only hate the woman, fir, and none but the woman shall go.

Sir CH. But her fortune, fir——

SUL. Can you play at whist, fir?

Sir CH. No, truly, fir,

SUL. Nor at all-fours?

Sir CH. Neither.

SUL. Oons! where was this man bred. [Aside.] Burn me, fir, I can't go home, 'tis but two o'clock.

Sir CH. For half an hour, fir, if you please—But you must consider 'tis late.

SUL. Late! that's the reason I can't go to bed—Come fir——

Enter Cherry, runs across the stage and knocks at Aimwell's chamber door. Enter Aimwell in his night cap and gown.

AIM. What's the matter? you tremble, child, you're frightened.

CHER. No wonder, fir——But in short, fir, this very minute, a gang of rogues are gone to rob my lady Bountiful's house.

AIM. How?

CHER. I dogg'd them to the very door, and left 'em breaking in.

AIM. Have you alarm'd any body else with the news?

CHER. No, no, fir; I wanted to have discover'd the whole plot, and twenty other things to your man Martin, but I have search'd the whole house and can't find him; where is he?

AIM. No matter, child, will you guide me immediately to the house?

CHER. With all my heart, sir; my lady Bountiful is my god-mother; and I love Mrs. Dorinda so well——

AIM. Dorinda! the name inspires me, the glory and the danger shall be all my own—Come, my life, let me but get my sword.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to a bed-chamber in lady Bountiful's house.

Enter Mrs. Sullen, Dorinda undress'd, a table and lights.

DOR. 'Tis very late, sister, no news of your spouse yet?

Mrs. SUL. No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then perhaps I may be executed with his company.

DOR. Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest; you'll go directly to bed, I suppose?

Mrs. SUL. I don't know what to do; hey hoe!

DOR. That's a desiring sigh, sister.

Mrs. SUL. This is a languishing hour, sister.

DOR. And might prove a critical minute, if the pretty fellow was here.

Mrs. SUL. Here! what, in my bed-chamber, at two o'clock o'th' morning, I undress'd, the family asleep, my hated husband abroad, and my lovely fellow at my feet—O gad, sister!

DOR. Thoughts are free, sister, and them I allow you—So, my dear, good night.
[Exit.]

SUL. Fortune! why, fir, I have no quarrel at her fortune—I only hate the woman, fir, and none but the woman shall go.

Sir CH. But her fortune, fir——

SUL. Can you play at whist, fir?

Sir CH. No, truly, fir,

SUL. Nor at all-fours?

Sir CH. Neither.

SUL. Oons! where was this man bred. [Aside.] Burn me, fir, I can't go home, 'tis but two o'clock.

Sir CH. For half an hour, fir, if you please—But you must consider 'tis late.

SUL. Late! that's the reason I can't go to bed—Come fir——

Enter Cherry, runs across the stage and knocks at Aimwell's chamber door. Enter Aimwell in his night cap and gown.

AIM. What's the matter? you tremble, child, you're frightened.

CHER. No wonder, fir——But in short, fir, this very minute, a gang of rogues are gone to rob my lady Bountiful's house.

AIM. How?

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[Exit.]

Mrs. SUL. A good rest to my dear Dorinda—Thoughts free! are they so, why then suppose him here, dress'd like a youthful, gay, and burning bridegroom, [Here Archer steals out of the closet] with tongue enchanting, eyes bewitching, knees imploring, [Turns a little on one side, and sees Archer in the posture she describes.] Ah! [Shrieks, and runs to the other side of the stage.] Have my thoughts rais'd a spirit—What are you, sir, a man or a devil?

ARCH. A man, a man, madam.

[Rising.

Mrs. SUL. How shall I be sure of it?

ARCH. Madam, I'll give you a demonstration this minute.

[Takes her hand

Mrs. SUL. What sir! do you intend to be rude?

ARCH. Yes, madam, if you please.

Mrs. SUL. In the name of wonder, whence came ye?

ARCH. From the skies, madam—I'm a Jupiter in love, and you shall be my Alcmena.

Mrs. SUL. How came you in?

ARCH. I flew in at the window, madam; your cousin Cupid lent me his wings, and your sister Venus open'd the casement.

Mrs. SUL. I'm struck dumb with admiration.

ARCH. And I with wonder. [Looks passionately on her.

Mrs. SUL. What will become of me?

ARCH. How beautiful she looks—The teeming jolly spring smiles in her blooming face; and when she was conceiv'd, her mother smelt roses, look'd on lilies—

Lilies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,
When the warm sun thus darts into their arms.

[Runs to her.

Mrs. SUL. Ah !

[Shrieks,

ARCH. Oons, madam, what do you mean ? you'll raise the house.

Mrs. SUL. Sir, I'll wake the dead before I'll bear this—What ! approach me with the freedom of a keeper ! I'm glad on't, your impudence has cur'd me.

ARCH. If this be impudence, [Kneels.] I leave to your partial self; no panting pilgrim, after a tedious, painful voyage, e'er bow'd before his saint with more devotion.

Mrs. SUL. Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels. [Aside.] Rise, thou prostrate engineer, not all thy undermining skill shall reach my heart—Rise, and know I am a woman without my sex ; I can love to all the tenderness of wishes, sighs and tears—but go no farther—Still to convince you that I'm more than woman, I can speak my frailty, confess my weakness even for you—But—

ARCH. For me !

[Going to lay hold on her.

Mrs. SUL. Hold, sir, build not upon that—for my most mortal hatred follows, if you disobey what I command you now—leave me this minute—If he denies, I'm lost.

[Aside.

ARCH. Then you'll promise—

Mrs. SUL. Any thing another time.

ARCH. When shall I come ?

Mrs. SUL. To-morrow, when you will.

ARCH. Your lips must seal the promise.

Mrs. SUL. Pshaw !

ARCH. They must, they must. [Kisses her.] Raptures and paradise ! And why not now, my angel ? The time, the place, silence and secrecy, all conspire—And the now

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conscious stars have preordain'd this moment for my happiness. [Takes her in his arms.]

Mrs. SUL. You will not, cannot, sure.

ARCH. If the sun rides fast, and disappoints not mortals of to-morrow's dawn, this night shall crown my joys.

Mrs. SUL. My sex's pride assist me.

ARCH. My sex's strength help me.

Mrs. SUL. You shall kill me first.

ARCH. I'll die with you. [Carrying her off.]

Mrs. SUL. Thieves, thieves, murder——

Enter Scrub in his breeches, and one shoe.

SCRUB. Thieves, thieves, murder, popery.

ARCH. Ha! the very timorous stag will kill in rutting-time. [Draws and offers to stab Scrub.]

SCRUB. [Kneeling.] O pray, sir, spare all I have and take my life.

Mrs. SUL. [Holding Archer's hand.] What does the fellow mean?

SCRUB. O madam, down upon your knees, your marrow bones—he's one of 'em.

ARCH. Of whom?

SCRUB. One of the rogues—I beg your pardon, one of the honest gentlemen that just now are broke into the house.

ARCH. How!

Mrs. SUL. I hope you did not come to rob me?

ARCH. Indeed I did, madam, but I wou'd have taken nothing but what you might ha' spar'd; but your crying thieves, has awak'd this dreaming fool, and so takes 'em for granted.

SCRUB. Granted ! 'tis granted, fir, take all we have.

Mrs. SUL. The fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

SCRUB. Oons, madam, they're broke into the house with fire and sword; I saw them, heard them; they'll be here this minute.

ARCH. What, thieves?

SCRUB. Under favour, fir, I think so.

Mrs. SUL. What shall we do, fir?

ARCH. Madam, I wish your ladyship a good night.

Mrs. SUL. Will you leave me?

ARCH. Leave you! Lord, madam, did not you command me to be gone just now, upon pain of your immortal hatred?

Mrs. SUL. Nay, but pray, fir—— [Takes hold of him.

ARCH. Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be ravish'd—You see now, madam, you must use men one way or other; but take this by the way, good madam, that none but a fool will give you the benefit of his courage, unless you'll take his love along with it—How are they arm'd, friend?

SCRUB. With sword and pistol, fir.

ARCH. Hush!—I see a dark lanthorn coming thro' the gallery—Madam, be assur'd I will protect you, or lose my life.

Mrs. SUL. Your life! no, fir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, fir, let me entreat you to be gone.

ARCH. No, madam, I'll consult my own safety, for the sake of yours; I'll work by stratagem: Have you courage enough to stand the appearance of 'em?

Mrs. SUL. Yes, yes, since I have 'scaped your hands, I can face any thing.

ARCH. Come hither, brother Scrub; don't you know me?

SCRUB. Eh! my dear brother, let me kiss thee.

[Kisses Archer.

ARCH. This way—Here.

[Archer and Scrub hide behind the bed.

Enter Gibbet, with a dark lanthorn in one hand and a pistol in t'other.

GIB. Ay, ay, this is the chamber, and the lady alone.

Mrs. SUL. Who are you, sir? what wou'd you have? Do you come to rob me?

GIB. Rob you; alack-a-day, madam, I'm only a younger brother, madam; and so, madam, if you make a noise, I'll shoot you through the head: But don't be afraid, madam, [Laying his lanthorn and pistol upon the table.] These rings, madam, don't be concern'd, madam; I have a profound respect for you, madam; your keys, madam; don't be frighted, madam; I'm the most of a gentleman: [Searching her pockets.] This necklace, madam; I never was rude to any lady;—I have a veneration—for this necklace—[Here Archer having come round, and seiz'd the pistol, takes Gibbet by the collar, trips up his heels, and claps the pistol to his breast.

ARCH. Hold, prophane villain, and take the reward of thy sacrilege.

GIB. Oh! Pray, sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

ARCH. How many is there of 'em, Scrub.

SCRUB. Five and forty, sir.

ARCH. Then I must kill the villain, to have him out of the way.

GIB. Hold, hold, sir; we are but three, upon my honour.

ARCH. Scrub, will you undertake to secure him?

SCRUB. Not I, sir; kill him, kill him.

ARCH. Run to Gipsy's chamber, there you will find the doctor; bring him hither presently. [Exit Scrub running.] Come, rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.

GIB. Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

Mrs. SUL. Pray, sir, don't kill him:—You fright me as much as him.

ARCH. The dog shall die, madam, for being the occasion of my disappointment—Sirrah, this moment is your last.

GIB. Sir, I'll give you two hundred pounds to spare my life.

ARCH. Have you no more, rascal?

GIB. Yes, sir, I can command four hundred; but I must preserve two of 'em to save my life at the sessions.

Enter Scrub and Foigard.

ARCH. Here, doctor, I suppose Scrub and you, between you, may manage him—Lay hold of him, doctor.

[Foigard lays hold of Gibbet.

GIB. What! turn'd over to the priest already.—
Look'e, doctor, you come before your time; I an't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

FOIG. Come, my dear joy, I vil secure your body and your shoul too; I vil make you a good catholick, and give you an absolution.

GIB. Absolution! can you procure me a pardon, doctor?

FOIG. No, joy.——

GIB. Then you and your absolution may go to the devil.

ARCH. Convey him into the cellar, there bind him:—Take the pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him thro' the head—and come back to us with all the speed you can.

SCRUB. Ay, ay, come, doctor, do you hold him fast, and I'll guard him.

Mrs. SUL. But how came the doctor?

ARCH. In short, madam—[Shrieking without.] 'Sdeath! the rogues are at work with the other ladies:—I'm vex'd I parted with the pistol; but I must fly to their assistance——Will you stay here, madam, or venture yourself with me?

Mrs. SUL. Oh, with you, dear sir, with you.

[Takes him by the arm, and Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to another apartment in the same house.

Enter Hounslow dragging in lady Bountiful, and Bagshot hawling in Dorinda; the rogues with swords drawn.

HOUN. Come, come, your jewels, mistress.

BAG. Your keys, your keys, old gentlewoman.

Enter Aimwell and Cherry.

AIM. Turn this way, villains ; I durst engage an army in such a cause. [He engages 'em both.

DOR. O, madam, had I but a sword to help the brave man !

L. BOUN. There's three or four hanging up in the hall ; but they won't draw. I'll go fetch one however. [Exit.

Enter Archer and Mrs. Sullen.

ARCH. Hold, hold, my lord, every man his bird, pray.

[They engage man to man, the rogues are thrown and difarm'd.

CHER. What ! the rogues taken ! then they'll impeach my father ; I must give him timely notice. [Runs out.

ARCH. Shall we kill the rogues ?

AIM. No, no, we'll bind them.

ARCH. Ay, ay ; here, madam, lend me your garter.

[To Mrs. Sullen, who stands by him.

Mrs. SUL. The devil's in this fellow ; he fights, loves, and banters all in a breath.——Here's a cord that the rogues brought with 'em, I suppose.——

AIM. Right, right, the rogue's destiny, a rope to hang himself——Come, my lord——This is but a scandalous sort of an office, [Binding the rogues together.] if our adventures shou'd end in this sort of hangman-work ; but I hope there is something in prospect that——

Enter Scrub.

Well, Scrub, have you secur'd your Tartar ?

SCRUB. Yes, sir, I left the priest and him disputing about religion.

AIM. And pray carry these gentlemen to reap the benefit of the controversy.

[Deliver's the prisoners to Scrub, who leads them out.

Mrs. SUL. Pray, sister, how came my lord here?

DOR. And pray, how came the gentleman here?

Mrs. SUL. I'll tell you the greatest piece of villany—

[They talk in dumb shew.

AIM. I fancy, Archer, you have been more successful in your adventures than the house-breakers.

ARCH. No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal—Pursue her this minute to marry you—now while she's hurry'd between the palpitation of her fear, and joy of her deliverance, now while the tide of her spirits are at high flood—Throw yourself at her feet; speak some Romantic nonsense or other;—address her like Alexander in the height of his victory, confound her senses, bear down her reason, and away with her—The priest is now in the cellar, and dare not refuse to do the work.

Enter Lady Bountiful.

AIM. But how shall I get off without being observ'd?

ARCH. You a lover, and find not a way to get off—let me see.

AIM. You bleed, Archer.

ARCH. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this wound will do the business—I'll amuse the old lady and Mrs. Sullen about dressing my wound, while you carry off Dorinda.

L. BOUN. Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you wou'd be gratified for the services—

ARCH. Come, come, my lady, this is no time for compliments; I'm wounded, madam.

L. BOUN. and Mrs. SUL. How! wounded!

DOR. I hope, sir, you have receiv'd no hurt.

AIM. None but what you may cure——

[Makes love in dumb shew.

L. BOUN. Let me see your arm, sir—I must have some powder-sugar to stop the blood.——O me! an ugly gash, upon my word, sir, you must go into bed.

ARCH. Ay, my lady, a bed wou'd do very well—Madam [To Mrs. Sullen.] will you do me the favour to conduct me to a chamber?

L. BOUN. Do, do, daughter——while I get the lint, and the probe, and the plaister ready.

[Runs out one way, Aimwell carries off Dorinda another.

ARCH. Come, madam, why don't you obey your mother's commands?

Mrs. SUL. How can you, after what is past, have the confidence to ask me?

ARCH. And if you go to that, how can you, after what is past, have the confidence to deny me?—Was not this blood shed in your defence, and my life expos'd for your protection?—Look'e, madam, I'm none of your romantic fools, that fight giants and monsters for nothing; my valour is downright Swifts; I'm a soldier of fortune, and must be paid.

Mrs. SUL. 'Tis ungenerous in you, sir, to upbraid me with your services.

ARCH. 'Tis ungenerous in you, madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs. SUL. How! at the expence of my honour!

ARCH. Honour! Can honour consist with ingratitude? If you wou'd deal like a woman of honour, do like a

man of honour: d'ye think I wou'd deny you in such a case?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Madam, my lady order'd me to tell you that your brother is below at the gate.

Mrs. SUL. My brother! Heaven's be prais'd—Sir; he shall thank you for your services, he has it in his power.

ARCH. Who is your brother, madam?

Mrs. SUL. Sir Charles Freeman——You'll excuse me, sir; I must go and receive him. [Exit]

ARCH. Sir Charles Freeman! Death and hell!—My old acquaintance. Now, unless Aimwell has made good use of his time, all our fair machine goes soufe into the sea like the Edistone. [Exit]

S C E N E, changes to the gallery in the same house.

Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.

DOR. Well, well, my lord, you have conquer'd; your late generous action will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding, tho' I must own your lordship had a friend in the fort before.

AIM. The sweets of Hybla dwell upon her tongue——Here doctor——

Enter Foigard with a book.

FOIG. Are you prepar'd boat?

DOR. I'm ready: But, first, my lord, one word?—I have a frightful example of a hasty marriage in my own fa-

mily; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray, my lord, consider a little——

AIM. Consider! Do you doubt my honour or my love?

DOR. Neither: I do believe you equally just as brave— And were your whole sex drawn out for me to chuse, I shou'd not cast a look upon the multitude if you were absent—But, my lord, I'm a woman; colours, concealments may hide a thousand faults in me;—therefore know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I knew myself in any thing except my love.

AIM. Such goodness who cou'd injure; I find myself unequal to the task of a villain; she has gain'd my soul and made it honest like her own;——I cannot, cannot hurt her. [Aside.] Doctor, retire, [Exit Foigard.] Madam, behold your lover and your profelyte, and judge of my passion by my conversion——I'm all a lie, nor dare I give a fiction to your arms; I'm all counterfeit except my passion.

DOR. Forbid it heaven! A counterfeit!

AIM. I am no lord, but a poor needy man, come with a mean, scandalous design to prey upon your fortune:— But the beauties of your mind and person have so won me from myself, that like a trusty servant, I prefer the interest of my mistress to my own.

DOR. Sure I have had the dream of some poor mariner, a sleeping image of a welcome port, and wake, involv'd in storms——Pray, sir, who are you?

AIM. Brother to the man whose title I usurp'd, but stranger to his honour or his fortune.

DOR. Matchless honesty——Once I was proud, sir, of your wealth and title, but now am prouder that you want

it : Now I can shew my aim was justly levell'd, and had no aim but love. Doctor, come in.

Enter Foigard at one door, Gipsy at another, who whispers Dorinda.

Your pardon, sir ; we shan't want you now, sir ; you must excuse me—I'll wait on you presently.

[Exit with Gipsy.

FOIG. Upon my shoul, now, dis is foolish. [Exit.

AIM. Gone! and bid the priest depart——it has an ominous look.

Enter Archer.

ARCH. Courage, Tom——Shall I wish you joy?

AIM. No.

ARCH. Oons, man, what ha' you been doing?

AIM. O Archer, my honesty, I fear, has ruin'd me.

ARCH. How!

AIM. I have discover'd myself.

ARCH. Discover'd! And without my consent? What have I embark'd my small remains in the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my partnership?

AIM. O Archer, I own my fault.

ARCH. After conviction—'Tis then too late for pardon—You may remember, Mr. Aimwell, that you propos'd this folly—As you begun, so end it—Henceforth I'll hunt my fortune single——So farewell.

AIM. Stay, my dear Archer, but a minute.

ARCH. Stay! What to be despis'd, expos'd and laugh'd at!——No, I wou'd sooner change conditions with the

worst of rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful smile from the proud knight that once I treated as my equal.

AIM. What knight?

ARCH. Sir Charles Freeman, brother to the lady that I had almost—But no matter for that, 'tis a curs'd night's work, and so I leave you to make the best on't.

AIM. Freeman!—One word, Archer. Still I have hopes; methought she receiv'd my confession with pleasure.

ARCH. 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

AIM. She consented after to the match; and still I dare believe she will be just——

ARCH. To herself, I warrant her, as you shou'd have been.

AIM. By all my hopes she comes, and smiling comes.

Enter Dorinda mighty gay.

DOR. Come, my dear lord—I fly with impatience to your arms—The minutes of my absence were a tedious year. Where's this tedious priest?

Enter Foigard.

ARCH. Oons, a brave girl.

DOR. I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs?

ARCH. Yes, yes, madam, I'm to be your father.

DOR. Come, priest, do your office.

ARCH. Make haste, make haste, couple 'em any way.

[Takes Aimwell's hand.] Come, madam, I'm to give you——

DOR. My mind's alter'd, I won't.

ARCH. Eh——

AIM. I'm confounded.

FOIG. Upon my shoul, and, sho is my shelf.

ARCH. What's the matter now, madam?

DOR. Look'e, sir, one generous action deserves another—This gentleman's honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him; in short, sir, you are the person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true lord viscount Aimwell, and I wish your lordship joy. Now, priest, you may be gone; if my lord is now pleas'd with the match, I'll let his lordship marry me in the face of the world.

AIM. Archer, what does she mean?

DOR. Here's a witness for my truth.

Enter Sir Charles and Mrs. Sullen.

SIR CH. My dear lord Aimwell, I wish you joy.

AIM. Of what?

SIR CH. Of your honour, and estate. Your brother died the day before I left London; and all your friends have writ after you to Brussels; among the rest I did myself the honour.

ARCH. Heark'e, sir knight, don't you banter now?

SIR CH. 'Tis truth, upon my honour.

AIM. Thanks to the pregnant stars that form'd this accident.

ARCH. Thanks to the womb of time that brought it forth; away with it.

AIM. Thanks to my guardian angel that led me to the prize——
[Taking Dorinda's hand.

ARCH. And double thanks to the noble Sir Charles Freeman. My lord, I wish you joy. My lady, I wish you joy.——I gad, Sir Freeman, you're the honestest fellow living——'Sdeath, I'm grown strange airy upon this matter——My lord, how d'ye?—A word, my lord; don't you remember something of a previous agreement, that entitles me to the moiety of this lady's fortune, which, I think, will amount to five thousand pound?

AIM. Not a penny, Archer: You wou'd ha' cut my throat just now, because I wou'd not deceive this lady.

ARCH. Ay, and I'll cut your throat again, if you should deceive her now.

AIM. That's what I expect; and to end the dispute, the lady's fortune is ten thousand pound, we'll divide stakes; take the ten thousand pound or the lady.

DOR. How! Is your lordship so indifferent?

ARCH. No, no, no, madam; his lordship knows very well, that I'll take the money; I'll leave you to his lordship, and so we're both provided for.

Enter Count Bellair.

COUNT. Mesdames & Messieurs, I am your servant trice humble: I hear you be rob here.

AIM. The ladies have been in some danger, sir.

COUNT. And begar, our inn be rob too.

AIM. Our inn! By whom?

COUNT. By the landlord, begar——Garzoon, he has rob himself, and run away.

ARCH. Robb'd himself!

COUNT. Ay, begar, and me too of a hundre pound.

ARCH. A hundred pound!

COUNT. Yes, that I ow'd him.

AIM. Our money's gone, Frank.

ARCH. Rot the money, my wench is gone——Scavenger
vous quelque chose de mademoiselle Cherry.

Enter a Fellow with a strong box and a letter.

FEL. Is there one Martin here ?

ARCH. Ay, ay—who wants him ?

FEL. I have a box here and a letter for him.

ARCH. [Taking the box.] Ha, ha, ha, what's here ?
Legerdemain ! By this light, my lord, our money again ; but
this unfolds the riddle. [Opening the letter, reads.] Hum,
hum, hum——O, 'tis for the public good, and must be
communicated to the company.

“ Mr. Martin,

“ My Father being afraid of an impeachment by the
“ rogues that are taken to-night, is gone off; but if you
“ can procure him a pardon, he'll make great discoveries
“ that may be useful to the country : Cou'd I have met you
“ instead of your master to-night, I wou'd have deliver'd
“ myself into your hands, with a sum that much exceeds
“ that in your strong box, which I have sent you, with an
“ assurance to my dear Martin, that I shall ever be his most
“ faithful friend till death.

“ Cherry Boniface.”

There's a billet-doux for you——As for the father, I
think he ought to be encouraged, and for the daughter—
Pray, my lord, persuade your bride to take her into her
service instead of Gipsy.

AIM. I can assure you, madam, your deliverance was
owing to her discovery.

DOR. Your command, my lord, will do without the obligation. I'll take care of her.

SIR CH. This good company meets opportunely in favour of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate sister; I intend to part her from her husband—Gentlemen will you assist me?

ARCH. Assist you! 'Sdeath, who wou'd not?

COUNT. Assist! Garzoon, we all assist.

Enter Sullen.

SUL. What's all this?—They tell me, spouse, that you had like to have been robb'd.

Mrs. SUL. Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it—had not these two gentlemen interposed.

SUL. How came those gentlemen here?

Mrs. SUL. That's his way of returning thanks, you must know.

COUNT. Garzoon, the question be a-propò, for all dat.

SIR CH. You promis'd last night, sir, that you would deliver your lady to me this morning.

SUL. Humph!

ARCH. Humph! What do you mean by humph?—Sir, you shall deliver:—In short, sir, we have sav'd you and your family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with 'em, and set fire to your house—What does the man mean? Not part with his wife!

COUNT. Ay, garzoon, de man no understand common justice.

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I

Mrs. SUL. Hold, gentlemen, all things here must move by consent, compulsion wou'd spoil us; let my dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge between us.

SUL. Let me know first who are to be our judges——
Pray, sir, who are you?

Sir CH. I am Sir Charles Freeman, come to take away your wife.

SUL. And you, good sir?

AIM. Charles Viscount Aimwell, come to take away your sister.

SUL. And you pray, sir?

ARCH. Francis Archer, esq; come——

SUL. To take away my mother, I hope——Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome; I never met with three more obliging people since I was born—And now, my dear, if you please, you shall have the first word.

ARCH. And the last, for five pound.

Mrs. SUL. Spouse.

SUL. Rib.

Mrs. SUL. How long have we been marry'd?

SUL. By the almanack fourteen months—But by my account fourteen years.

Mrs. SUL. 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning.

COUNT. Garzoon, their account will agree.

Mrs. SUL. Pray, spouse, what did you marry for?

SUL. To get an heir to my estate.

Sir CH. And have you succeeded?

SUL. No.

ARCH. The condition fails of his side——Pray, madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. SUL. To support the weakness of my sex by the strength of his, and to enjoy the pleasures of an agreeable society.

Sir CH. Are your expectations answer'd ?

Mrs. SUL. No.

COUNT. A clear case, a clear case.

Sir CH. What are the bars to your mutual contentment ?

Mrs. SUL. In the first place I can't drink ale with him.

SUL. Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs. SUL. I can't hunt with you.

SUL. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. SUL. I hate cocking and racing.

SUL. And I abhor ombre and picquet.

Mrs. SUL. Your silence is intolerable.

SUL. Your prating is worse.

Mrs. SUL. Have we not been a perpetual offence to each other——A gnawing vulture at the heart ?

SUL. A frightful goblin to the sight.

Mrs. SUL. A porcupine to the feeling.

SUL. Perpetual wormwood to the taste.

Mrs. SUL. Is there on earth a thing we cou'd agree in ?

SUL. Yes——To part.

Mrs. SUL. With all my heart.

SUL. Your hand.

Mrs. SUL. Here.

SUL. These hands join'd us; these shall part us——

Away——

Mrs. SUL. North.

SUL. South.

Mrs. SUL. East.

SUL. West——Far as the poles asunder.

COUNT. Begar the ceremony be vara pretty.

SIR CH. Now, Mr. Sullen, there wants only my sister's fortune to make us easy.

SUL. Sir Charles, you love your sister, and I love her fortune; every one to his fancy.

ARCH. Then you won't refund?

SUL. Not a stiver.

ARCH. Then I find, madam, you must e'en go to your prison again.

COUNT. What is the portion?

SIR CH. Ten thousand pound, sir.

COUNT. Garzoon, I'll pay it, and she shall go home wid me.

ARCH. Ha, ha, ha, French all over—Do you know, sir, what ten thousand pound English is?

COUNT. No, begar, not jestement.

ARCH. Why, sir, 'tis a hundred thousand livres.

COUNT. A hundred thousand livres!—A garzoon, me cannot do't; your beauties and their fortunes are both too much for me.

ARCH. Then I will—This night's adventure has prov'd strangely lucky to us all—For Captain Gibbet in his walk has made bold, Mr. Sullen, with your study and escritore, and had taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with this lady, bills, bonds, leases, and receipts to an infinite value; took 'em from him, and I deliver them to Sir Charles.

[Gives him a parcel of papers and parchments.]

SUL. How, my writings! my head achs consumedly—Well, gentlemen, you shall have her fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir Charles, to be merry, and celebrate my sister's wedding, and my divorce, you may

command my house—but my head aches consumedly——
Scrub, bring me a dram.

ARCH. Madam, [To Mrs. Sullen.] there's a country
dance to the trifle that I sung to-day; your hand, and we'll
lead it up.

Here a DANCE.

ARCH. 'Twou'd be hard to guess which of these parties
is the better pleas'd, the couple join'd, or the couple
parted. The one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted hap-
piness, and the other in their deliverance from an experi-
enc'd misery.

Both happy in their sev'ral states we find,
Those parted by consent, and those conjoin'd.
Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee,
Consent is law enough to set you free.

A N

E P I L O G U E.

Design'd to be spoke in the BEAUX STRATAGEM.

IF to our play your judgment can't be kind,
Let its expiring author pity find.
Survey his mournful case with melting eyes,
Nor let the bard be damn'd before he dies;
Forbear ye fair, on his last scene to frown,
But his true exit with a plaudit crown:
Then shall the dying poet cease to fear
The dreadful knell, while your applause he hears.
At Leuctra so, the conq'ring Theban dy'd,
Claim'd his friends praises, but their tears deny'd:
Pleas'd in the pangs of death he greatly thought
Conquest with loss of life but cheaply bought,
The diff'rence this, the Greek was one wou'd fight,
As brave, tho' not so gay as serjeant Kite.
Ye sons of Will's what's that to those who write?
To Thebes alone the Grecian ow'd his bays,
You may the bard above the hero raise,
Since yours is greater than Athenian praise.

THE

STAGE-COACH.

AN

OPERA.

Dramatis Personæ.

MICHER. The old Uncle.

ISABELLA, His Niece.

SQUIRE SOMEBODY.

BASIL, A captain, in love with ISABELLA.

FETCH, His Man.

TOM JOLT, The Stage-coach-man.

DOLLY, The Maid.

MACAHONE, An Irishman.

LANDLORD.

SERVANTS.

Several Guests in the Inn.

HOSTLER.

The time of Action the same with the time of Representation.

THE STAGE-COACH.

A C T I.

SCENE, An Inn.

Enter Fetch with a cloak-bag and pistols.

HERE! House! Where are you all!—Now we've
supp'd, I'll see if my master's bed be ready:—
Tom, John, Robin, where a plague are ye?—All deaf?
—No attendance in those country inns!—This is worse
than the Rose-Tavern after play, the Sun-Tavern after
change, or the Devil-Tavern after church.

Enter Dolly.

DOLL. D'ye call, fir?

FETCH. Call, fir? What a plague—Egad 'tis a pretty
girl—Hark you, child, do you serve travellers upon the
road here?

DOLL. Yes, fir.

FETCH. Kiss me, then.

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DOLL. That's the chamber-maid's business: D'ye want any thing else?—I'm in haste.

FETCH. What room does my master lie in?

DOLL. The Castle.

FETCH. And what room do I lie in?

DOLL. The Garret.

FETCH. Very well! and what room do you lie in?

DOLL. Under ye.

FETCH. Say no more;—I'll but take a dram to digest my supper:—Lay these things in my master's chamber, and then I'll talk with you in yours.

DOLL. Are your pistols charg'd? [Takes the things.

FETCH. Yes, yes, we always go charg'd, child: A brace of bullets, I'll assure you,

AIR I. Every man takes a glass in his hand.

FETCH. Every man that would stand on his guard,
Should be loaded with bullets a brace,
Cock and prime, and be always prepar'd
For a sudden rencounter, or chase:
If a stout son of Mars should his faulchion wield;
Or an Amazon bold should display her shield,
Let him bravely defy,
And with courage let fly,
And no doubt but he wins the field.

AIR II. On Enfield common.

DOLLY. Oh, have a care, sir,
A virgin spare, sir,

And lay your thund'ring engine softly down,
 Your bold attacking,
 Will send you packing,
 And conquest will procure but small renown;
 Yet if a maiden,
 With troubles laden,
 Shou'd face the danger, your stout heart wou'd
 Your heat and fire, [yield, fir:
 Wou'd soon expire,
 You'd hardly stand the charge, but quit the field, fir.
 [Exit Doll.

Enter Captain Basil.

CAPT. What a tedious, tiresome, dull, jolting vehicle
 as Stage-Coach! We that are in it, are more fatigu'd
 than the beasts that draw it.—This unlucky hurt, Fetch,
 that I've got lately, has hindred my riding post, and thrown
 me into this confounded company.—A big-belly'd far-
 mer's daughter, an Irish wit, a canting quaker, a city
 whore, and a country parson.

FETCH. And a disbanded captain, fir, for want of a
 trolling lawyer, or a nurse and a child, to make up a cle-
 ver Stage-Coach set.

CAPT. Aye, the swell'd country puss plagu'd me with
 her screaming and wry faces; the profound Teague with his
 nonsense; the quaker with the spirit; the whore with the
 self, and the fat parson with both.

FETCH. Truly, fir, I pity'd you, for I don't think there
 was in the whole company a man of parts, but you and I.

CAPT. But must I be tormented two days more with
 this coach, before I get to London?

FETCH. Too true, fir.

CAPT. How can you tell?

FETCH. No body better, sir: My father in London has an employment about the coaches.

CAPT. What's his employment?

FETCH. Sir, he's a very worthy citizen, that attends at Blossoms-Inn in quality of a ticket-porter.

CAPT. I must get to London sooner, or I ruin my affairs. — Let me talk with the coachman; if it be possible I'll make him stretch for me. Call him hither. [Exit Fetch]

AIR III. Muirland Willy.

How tedious do the moments pass
In expectation of our joy;
But hasty time oft shakes his glass,
If pleasure we employ.
Too rigid fate, you deal us bliss
Swift as rapid torrents flow,
But care and anguish you dismiss,
Like snails, by creeping slow.

Pshaw, here's that Irish booby.

Enter Macahone, staring about him.

MAC. Be my shoul, 'tis a brave house, sure the shentle man of the tavern must be some person of quality—Oh my dear master captain, I am your most loving and much honour'd friend.

CAPT. Our acquaintance, sir, is a little too short for so much familiarity.

MAC. Our acquaintance too short, dear joy, it is threescore miles long; and by shaint Patrick, I would be

very joyful for being your especial friend, because I am afraid we shall never meet again.

CAPT. May I crave your name, sir?

MAC. My name is Tourlough Rauwer Macahone, of the parish of the Currough a Begely, in the county of Tipperary, esquire; where is my mansion-house, for me and my predecessors after me.

CAPT. Very well. And pray, sir, what affairs carry you to London?

MAC. No affairs, my dear joy: for I have transacted my business in London before I came there.

CAPT. That's somewhat an odd way of doing business.

MAC. By my soul, sir, it is the quickest way tho': I was going to London to make my fortune.

CAPT. How, sir?

MAC. Why, by the law, friend, or physick, or a merchant's wife, or back-gammon, or any of these honourable professions; 'tis all the same to Macahone, sir: but I have made my fortune already, by me gossip's hand.

CAPT. How, pray sir?

MAC. Because my dear joy, you are my intimate friend, and a stranger, I will communicate that secret into your stomach: the fine lady in the coach, Madam Strowler, is a rich merchant's wife in Vinegar-yard, by Drury-lane, in London, and she is fallen in down-right affections with me, and treats me with mighty civility, permitting me to pay the reckoning for her in every plash.

CAPT. Honest Jenny the player has snapt this booby, and e'en let her make a hand of him. [Aside.] Are you sure she's rich?

[To him.]

MAC. By me shoul, she shew'd me a diamond as big as a potatoe; and, I'faith, it look'd almost as clear as glass; and she keeps her flying chariot too, she told me so herself; and by me shoul, I am so cunning, that if anoder had told me so. I had not believ'd him.

CAPT. You're plaguy cunning indeed, sir.

MAC. O ara, dear joy, we are all so: upon my shoul let an Irishman alone for macking his fortune: he is as cunning as no man alive.—But, my dear joy, I wish I was after going to bed, to digest my supper:—here are two beds in your chamber, and pray, my dear friend, tell me, do you intend to lie in 'em both?

CAPT. 'Tis probable, sir, I shall use but one.

MAC. Then, sir, with your leave and permission, I shall use the t'other:—but pray let me not incommode your person, if you intend to lie in both the beds.

CAPT. Not at all, sir.——booby.

[Aside.

MAC. Sir, I am your most obliging servant.

CAPT. Coxcomb.

[Aside.

MAC. I render you many thanks.

[Exit Macahone.

Enter Coachman and Fetch.

CAPT. Honest Jolt, how is't? What shall I give thee to drink?

JOLT. Thank you, master; what you please; here's rare Nantz in the house. A cogue, or so, wou'd do no harm.

CAPT. Here, Fetch, bring us half a pint.

[Exit Fetch.

Well, Jolt, canst do a man a kindness upon occasion?

THE STAGE-COACH.

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JOLT. A kindness! aye master, an that be all—we
Coachmen are all mighty civil fellows, you know.

AIR IV. Dame of honour.

There's ne'er a Coachman drives a coach,
But what's an honest fellow;
At your least beck, we soon approach,
Or when your servants bellow.
We use our fare
With tender care,
Go fast, or slow, to ease you.
If maids are kind,
We know your mind,
And softly drive to please you.

CAPT. Are your horses good?

JOLT. Special good cattle, master: a London doctor
wou'd have set up his coach with them, if we had trusted
to the fall of the leaf:—and but t'other day here, one of
your stock-jobbers hir'd 'em for an election:—Ecod they
had almost got him the place.

AIR V. Tho' claret be a blessing.

You'll find in ev'ry nation,
By shining gold's persuasion,
A fool is fit,
[With wealth] to fit,
Far higher than his station:
Be ne'er so dull,
If purse is full,

Votes will come whene'er they call :
 Tho' the fools
 Are but tools
 For the wise to work withal.

Enter Fetch with brandy.

CAPT. Here, Jolt, pull it off.

[Gives Jolt the brandy.]

JOLT. Your health, master. [Drinks.] Rare stuff, after my twelve eggs and a pound of bacon.

CAPT. Well, Jolt, can I be at London by to-morrow night ?

JOLT. To-morrow night !——Aye, master, [shrinks] if you can fly.

CAPT. See here, Jolt, [pulls out a purse.]—My business is so pressing, a good share of this purse is thine, if thou wilt hasten our journey.

JOLT. If that be all, [drinks all.]——'Tis done.——We are to be in London the day after to-morrow by ten a clock at night.——Now, master, to oblige you, I'll be there by nine.

CAPT. Is the fellow mad ?——I tell thee I must be there to-morrow.

JOLT. Aye, so you may, if you can : 'tis a long way, master——the roads are deep, and I won't spoil my horses ; they're dearer to me, poor beasts, than my wife and children.

FETCH. Silly fool ! thou hast no more sense than the horses ; why there's enough in that purse to bribe thy very master, the Duke of Mantua, and two or three German princes.

JOLT. Well, what there's in't, there's in't. [Peeps in the empty purse, and throws it down.] What do you prate for? these beau footmen are as cock-a-hoop of late, as if they had places at court—I'm an honest man;—bribes won't pass i'the country now.—besides, I must not baulk my stages—[aside] the inn-keepers have brib'd me already.

[Exit Jolt.

CAPT. Well, tho' it kills me, I must ride post.

FETCH. But pray, sir, what makes you in so much haste?

CAPT. Why this letter from my mistress. [Reads.

“ My Dear,

“ You've heard I've lost my dear Mother; my Uncle [to whose care I am left] not considering your pretensions, is resolv'd to marry me to another: but what's worse, the old Gentleman has got my writings, and I must seem to comply with his desires: if you would prevent my being made a most unfortunate creature, fly to my relief, my dear Basil, with all the speed which your love, and my distress require.”

“ ISABELLA.”

I'm afraid I shall come too late. Run to the post-house, get us horses, and we'll mount this moment—but whom have we here?

FETCH. Some of the company that came in the London coach, that supp'd on t'other side o'th' house.

Enter 'Squire Somebody, bringing a Band-box, with other Luggage, a Mask, and a Fan.

SQU. Come, Mrs. Isabel, I've got your things. Bless us, what a parcel of luggage these women carry about 'em; and the poor lover here, must be subject to the slavery of band-boxes—Mrs. Isabel, why don't you come away—I'm as tir'd as a Scotch Pedlar under his pack.

Enter Isabella. She starts, seeing the Captain.

ISAB. Ha!

SQU. Ha! What's the matter, my dear wife that is to be?

ISAB. I miss my watch: I fear I've lost it in the room where we supp'd, pray go and see.

SQU. Aye, by all means,—here look to your things; there are strangers about.

[Exit Squire, having laid down the things.

CAPT. Ha! what do I see? Look, Fetch, is not that Isabella?

ISAB. My dear Basil! [They embrace.

CAPT. My Isabella! What miracle has brought you hither?

ISAB. You receiv'd my letter?

CAPT. There it is; and it has brought me so far in my journey to you.

ISAB. My uncle, who knows you only by name, dreading your return to London, has thought fit to hurry me down to the country-house of that blockhead, that I sent just now on a fool's errand, under pretence of losing my

watch : my uncle is at the bar, hagling with the landlady, and is to come up presently into the room where we lie. Now if you can find a way to rescue me from the old knave and the young fool.——

AIR VI. Tell me, tell me, dearest Creature.

ISAB. If we lose the fair occasion,
I no more shall bless thy sight ;
BAS. Love avert the dire vexation,
And secure my soul's delight :
ISAB. Vain is idle invocation,
While our foes their strength unite ;
BAS. But we'll mock their combination,
Flying thro' the shades of night.

But here he comes—he's the son of Sir Aminadab Somebody in Lancashire.

Enter 'Squire Somebody.

SQU. Gone ! gone ! no watch to be found : O Lord, gentlewoman, see what your uncle will say to you : lose your things so aforehand.—I won't lend you mine.

ISAB. You need not, sir—for the watch is found again ; I had only put it in the wrong pocket.

SQU. And that's thirty pounds in mine. [Aside.

CAPT. Sure I should know that voice and face too.—Sir, are not you related to the family of the Somebodies ?

SQU. Yes, sir, my father is Sir Aminadab Somebody, Baronet, and I am his eldest son by the first venter, Nicodemus Somebody, Esquire.

CAPT. Sir, I am proud to embrace the son of my old Friend, Sir Aminadab,—pray, sir, what lady is that with you?

SQU. 'Tis only my mistress, at your service.——
We want but a parson, a wedding-dinner, a pair of clean sheets, and a sack-posset, to send us the way of all flesh.

CAPT. Then, sir, upon your account, I'll presume to pay my respects to the lady. [Salutes Isabella.

SQU. Sir, you're a very respectful person.—Well, how d'ye like her? Won't she make a rare tit for young Somebody? She's a little in the dumps at present, but we shall dump her out of that.

CAPT. What, out of humour, and so near her marriage?

SQU. Ay, there was a certain captain that lov'd her, and she lov'd that certain captain. Now, I can't tell how the devil this fellow had wimbled himself into the mother's favour, and had got her consent: but as good luck would have it, the old woman was pleas'd to go where all old women shou'd go: and so Mr. Micher being a very honest man, and mighty fit for a guardian; but having a deadly aversion to a red coat,—struck up a bargain with the father for me, and we're going down to our house to take possession of the premisses:—so this scoundrel of an officer is like to be disbanded; and she, forsooth, is vex'd, because she can't serve under him—ha, ha, ha, [laughs.] Poor dog, he's broke of all sides.

CAPT. Ha, ha, ha, silly fellow;——he'll hang himself, that's certain; what should soldiers do else in time of peace?

SQU. Ay, my dear friend, I should be glad if they were all hang'd—but for the sake of the French;—perhaps you may know this same captain,—'tis one Basil, a poor insignificant ringleader of fifty rogues: ha, ha, ha.

CAPT. Basil! I know him: bloody rogues he led indeed.

SQU. And he the saddest rogue of 'em all! ha, ha, ha.

[Laughs.

CAPT. Ha, ha, ha.

[Laughs.

ISAB. If you thought this captain overheard you, you durst not talk at that rate.

SQU. Durst, say you? Odfookers, I fear neither man, woman, nor child;—and I wou'd tell him so to his face,—when my friend stands by me here.

[Shaking the captain by the hand.

AIR VII. From the Italian.

Think not to affright
A man of my might,
By threatening wounds and scars,
I'll swell and look bluff,
Vapour and huff
Spite of your bully of Mars.

ISAB. Remember the jest
Beset the bold beast,
Array'd in the lion's skin,
When spite of harangues
Bruises and bangs
Shew'd the dull coward within.

CAPT. Softly, madam: my friend Nicodemus Somebody, is a person whom you ought to regard:—in time you'll have no cause to complain.

SQU. Ah, dear sir, you do me more honour than I deserve:—but don't you think now that I am much more for her turn than this same raggamuffin?

CAPT. There's no comparison, sir; and I think no body can tell better than I. So I can assure the lady, this is like to be the last trouble you shall give her.

SQU. Well said, 'faith. Ecod, I've got a good friend here, and did not think on't.

ISAB. Aye, but if Basil were here, he wou'd be too hard for you and your friend both.

CAPT. Why, what wou'd you do, if Basil were here?

ISAB. I wou'd run away with him to the next parson, and leave Nicodemus here in the lurch.

SQU. Nicodemus thanks you with all his heart.—Did not I tell you now, how she was bewitch'd by this captain? the devil's in these captains, I believe—cod, I've a mind to be a captain too.—Odfookers, now I think on't, my dear friend, I am captain already of the militia: [and that's a kind of a captain] and do you think that we that pay them, are not better than they?

ISAB. Well, but we cou'd do it, sir, and you never the wiser: for while my uncle and you were fast asleep, I cou'd steal out of my chamber, fly into Basil's arms, and he shou'd have a coach ready to hurry me to London, before you were awake the next morning.

AIR VIII. Last Part of the Dutch Skipper.

When a lady is fir'd by a hero brave,
 With invention quick
 She will frame a trick
 To cheat a dull fool, and a fordid knave,
 And fly to her loves defence.
 Secure in their folly she boasts her scheme,
 And sees them insult on the fancy'd dream,
 'Till suffering quickens their sense.

SQU. Odfookers, she's a cunning jade, for all that : I shall have a rare wife of her.

CAPT. Well, well, madam, I understand you ; we shall take care of that matter.

SQU. Aye, aye, so we will ; my dear friend here, and I shall watch your waters,—I'll warrant you—oh ! here's uncle Micher.

Enter Micher, with a Bill in his Hand.

MICH. Ha ! the cut-throat dogs ! here's a bill for you : the fat jade at the bar will score her self to the devil, before any solicitor, taylor, physick, or tippie-poisoner in Europe.

AIR IX. O ponder well, &c.

MICH. This jade will score her self to hell,
 If she such bills does make.

SQU. Then get the priest that tale to tell,
 And she may warning take.

[Gives the bill to the squire.

[Squire reads] For bread and beer, 8s. 10d.—Here's as much bread and drink as wou'd serve the French in Spittle-fields for a week.—For a calves head and bacon, 10s. For a boil'd pig and colliflowers,—That I bespoke, 9s. For a red herring—that was yours, uncle, 1s. For a bottle of harts-horn,—that was your supper, mistress, 7d. Hey-day! what's here;—mull'd sack, dumplings, cheese, oranges, toast and butter, fruit, sallad, wine, cards, brandy, tarts, and tobacco. In all, two pounds, thirteen shillings, and three pence three farthings——besides fire. The de'el fire the house.

MICH. Well, how shall we club this matter? there's the old woman that has the king's evil: and t'other that stops the coach every minute, to go behind a bush, they won't pay as much as we.

SQU. Ecod, but they shall: and for you, mistress, you shall pay but a crown, because you eat nothing; and that you may not think you're hardly dealt by, I'll sing you the song that makes it stage-coach-law.

A I R X.

LET's sing of stage-coaches,
 And fear no reproaches,
 For riding in one;
 But daily be jogging,
 While whistling and flogging,
 While whistling and flogging,
 The coachman drives on:
 With a hey, geeup, geeup, hey ho;
 With a hey gee dobbin, hey ho;
 Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,

Geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho;
With a hey gee dobbin, hey ho.

In coaches thus strowling,
Who wou'd not be rowling,
 With nymphs on each side;
Still prattling and playing,
Our knees interlaying,
We merrily ride:
 With a hey, &c.

Here chance kindly mixes,
All sorts and all sexes.
 More females than men;
We squeeze them, we ease them,
The jolting does please them;
Drive jollily then:
 With a hey, &c.

The harder you're driving,
The more 'tis reviving;
 Nor fear we to fall;
For if the coach tumble,
We'll have a rare jumble,
We'll have a rare jumble;
And then up tails all:

With a hey, geeup, geeup, hey ho.
With a hey gee dobbin, hey ho;
Hey, geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
Geeup, geeup, geeup, hey ho,
With a hey gee dobbin, hey ho.

MICH. Well, now let's go to bed, that we may be the sooner out of this confounded inn next morning.

SQU. Well, my dear friend, sir, the best friends must part, tho' it be man and wife:—but if you can step home with me, 'tis but hard by, about fourscore and ten miles off, and stay there a week, I'll make you so drunk, you shan't find the way back again in a month.

CAPT. Sir, you must excuse me, I am otherwise engag'd.

SQU. Good night, sir.

[Exit squire.

ISAB. Good night, sir.

[Exit with Micher, who hands her off.

CAPT. Your servant, madam—I hope you'll be in a better humour to-morrow.—Ha! Fetch, here's fortune for you.—Now my dear lad run, and at any rate get us some calash, chariot, coach, any thing to hurry us to London.—Fly!—In the mean time, I'll run to my chamber, and get every thing ready.

[Exeunt severally.

Enter Jolt the Coachman.

JOLT. Hush! mum's the word; there's a plaguy candle stands in my sight.—Out, informer, I'll spoil your peeping—the house is full, and beds are scarce, therefore I can't lie in my own: so good wife at home, by your leave. We travellers are forc'd sometimes to lie two in a bed.—'tis main dark: rare driving now in a deep road and a rough way.—Odsnigs, if Dolly now shou'd be skittish, and won't let me; I'll knock at her chamber door, however; and if the door will open, well said door, I'll enter;

and if Dolly will do like the rest of her crew, well said Dolly.——

AIR XI. Daniel Cooper.

The great may fancy as they will,
Only they have pleasure,
The poor man he enjoys it still,
In a greater measure :
Labour fits us for delight,
Hunger comes by fasting.
He ne'er eats with appetite,
Whose meal is everlasting.

Pox on't, here's a light, 'tis not yet right catterwauling
time :—so I'll sheer off 'till anon. [Exit Jolt.

Enter Captain with his things, and Fetch with a
Candle.

CAPT. Well, Fetch ?

FETCH. I've done your business, sir.—I've found in this
very inn a calash, with four good horses, that shou'd have
gone empty to London to-morrow morning. I've agreed
with the coachman to go with you immediately :—he'll be
ready at a whistle.

CAPT. That was lucky : and I've got my things here ;
they shall lie till Isabella comes out——I wish she was
here.

FETCH. Sir ! sir ! I think I hear a noise ?

CAPT. Put out the candle then, and let us step into that corner; for here we must wait for her.

[Fetch puts out the candle.

Re-enter Jolt.

JOLT. Now the coast is clear.——I have had a strange hankering after this same Dolly this great while, and for her sake I have set up here at the Angel now: if she won't be civil, d'ye see, I'll carry my guests to the Saracen's-head, where I shall have the hostler to take care of my horses, and the maid to take care of me.——Now for her door.

FETCH. Ods my life, sir, we've forgot one thing; the gate is lock'd up by this time; how shall we get out?

CAPT. What shall we do?

JOLT. Hush! I hear something.——Shou'd this be some rogue now creeping in to Dolly!——I'll put a spoke in his wheel. [Aside.

FETCH. I've thought on't: the maid's a good tractable wench; she'll do what we'll have her.

JOLT. Will she, faith, ye dog? firrah, I'll take care of that. [Aside.

FETCH. I'll knock at her door; for a piece of money, I'll warrant you, she'll do the jobb.

JOLT. Perhaps I may do your jobb first, you catterwauling son of a whore. [Aside.

FETCH. 'Tis well if I 'scape a good dab on the nose here.

[Groping about, [Jolt strikes him with the but-end of his whip.] Confound that post; 'tis deadly hard.—Her door is on this side, I'm sure. [Jolt strikes him again.] Ha! what's that?—another

post—'ware nose the third time.—Oh, sure here's the door; I'll knock. [Hits the coachman in the teeth.] Dolly, Dolly; Plague on't, she's asleep.—Sure I'm right.—Where's the key-hole?—Oh, I've found it. [He puts his finger in the coach-man's mouth, who bites it.] Oh the devil, the devil; help, help, sir! I've got my finger here in a rat-trap.

CAPT. Where art thou? [Jolt lets his finger go, and lays him on with his whip.]

JOLT. Gee, gee, gee ho, hey gee ho.

[As whipping his horses.

FETCH. Murder, murder! help, help!

CAPT. Hold, hold! you dog, or I'll kill you. [Draws.

JOLT. Gee ho, gee, hey gee ho. [Whips on.

FETCH. Murder, murder! help! the devil lays me on.

Enter Hostler with a Light.

HOST. What's the matter? What's the matter?

JOLT. Come on, gee, gee ho, my hearts. [Whips on.

HOST. What a deuce d'ye mean, master Jolt?

JOLT. What's the matter? What's all this bustle for?

[Yawning.

HOST. What, are you drunk, or dreaming?

JOLT. What wou'd you have? Where am I?—Oh, oh, is it you, Phil. the hostler? odsnigs, I thought I had been in bed. I dreamt that my coach stuck in Hockley the Hole, and I was licking my horses till I made 'em smoke again. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, for taking you for my beasts.

Enter Dolly.

DOLL. What's the matter here? Are not you asham'd to disturb people at this time of night?

FETCH. You're come in good time, child, to save that rogue a beating; for now we've other business—a word with you. [Takes her aside,

CAPT. Get ye gone, firrah, or I'll cut your ears off, ye dog. [To Jolt.] And you here, with your light, go off, and leave us to our business. [Jolt retires to the door,

[Exit Hostler with light.

JOLT. Odzookers, now they're driving the bargain—Ecod, I'll over-turn the coach to-morrow in a slough, to cool that dog of a captain's courage in a-puddle.

AIR XII. The Scotch Tune.

DOLLY. Since bribes are fashions of each day,
Why then shou'd I be out?
Both high and low the game will play,
No conscience makes a doubt.
Your coin I'll take but as my due,
'Tis vales in such a case,
And all well know there's very few
But tack it to their place.

[Exit Dolly.

FETCH. The town's our own, fir; I've given Dolly a guinea, she consents, and I've got the key.

[Holds the key in his hand.

JOLT. The key! a plague on her lock. Now has the minx granted at once what she has deny'd me this twelve-

month; but that guinea is the devil at a key-hole: I warrant it would open a thousand spring-locks in Covent-Garden—I'll watch, and see what all this will come to.

[Aside.

Enter Isabella with a small Trunk.

ISAB. He shou'd be here.—Captain. [In a low voice.

CAPT. My dear. [In a low voice.

JOLT. My dear! ah the damn'd jade:—she's come out to him now. [Aside.

Enter Micher, groping his Way.

MICH. Does she walk in her sleep? Where can she go at this time of night?—I'll watch her. [Aside.

ISAB. Captain! where are you? [In a low voice.

CAPT. Here, here.

MICH. Captain! sure she can't have her Captain here.

[Aside.

JOLT. Odsnigs, they're going to't; but I'll spoil their sport. [Aside.

[The Captain and Isabella meet.

ISAB. Come, I'm got out at last; and what's more, I've got the writings.

Micher meets the Coachman, they lay hold on each other.

MICH. Ah, you young baggage, have I caught you? lights, lights, here.

ISAB. Sir, I hear my uncle's voice—Let's lose no time.

CAPT. Let's away, my dear.——Fetch, take up the things. [Exit Captain and Isabella.

[Fetch taking up the things, drops the key, and Exit.

MICH. Lights here, lights.

Enter Hostler with a candle.

HOST. What's the matter here again?

MICH. Ha! what the devil, who are you?

[Looks on Jolt.

JOLT. And who are you, an that be all?

MICH. Where's my niece? ah, you pimp, you're in the plot too. Where's that damn'd rogue the captain.

JOLT. [Aside.] Your niece! the captain has other work in hand: but this is a rare time to quit scores with him. [to Micher.] If you want the captain, sir, you'll find him in that room with his whore.

MICH. His whore! the dog make my niece his whore! get a constable.—Help! a constable.

Enter Squire Somebody yawning.

SQU. Here, what a devil's the matter? Can't you let a body sleep among ye.

MICH. Ah, Nicodemus, we're all undone! the captain here has got away your mistress into that room—and what they are doing Heaven knows.

[Squire goes to the door, and listens.

SQU. Ha! I hear some noise, I hear some noise within; why don't you break open the door, uncle?

MICH. Why don't you?

SQU. She's your niece.

MICH. She's your wife, that is to be.

SQU. I can't tell that now.

MICH. A constable, let's have a constable.

SQU. A constable, a constable.

[Both together.

JOLT. I'll run and call up my landlord, he's a constable.

[Exit Jolt.

[Here one appears at the window, or balcony; and after he has spoke, another appears on the opposite side, in night-caps.]

What's the matter there ? [In a masculine voice.
A man may as well sleep in a paper mill, as in one of these confounded inns.

What noise is that below ? [In a feminine voice.
Are the people mad ?

[Here several people pop out at several windows and balconies with night-caps; and cry out all at once in different voices.]

OMNES. Are ye all distracted here ? Is the devil in the people ? What's the matter below ? Why do you make such a noise ? Will no body tell us the meaning of this uproar ?

SQU. Nothing; nothing, mistress; no harm, only a gentleman who is making me a cuckold before my time.

AIR XIII. There was three Lads in London Town.

Mac. In city, town, and country too,
A cuckold is no wonder:
'Tis more than any one can do;
To keep a woman under;
Your horns, dear joy, will grace your head,
And fit you for high station;
A wife will save your soul, when dead,
And fait you're in de fashion.

VOL. III.

L

Enter Landlord and Jolt, with a Leaver in his Hand,
Servants.

LAND. Here, where are these people ?

SQU. There, sir, in that room.

LAND. Come out here ; I charge you in the king's
name.

AIR XIV. An old woman clothed in Grey.

Authority hard-head here calls
A constable famous for might,
I silence all squabbles and brawls,
And snore in my chair ev'ry night ;
And therefore strait open the door
And let me your crimes understand,
Or as I'm a son of a whore,
I'll punish you all by this hand.

—Why then stay where you are in the devil's name.—break
open the door. [Jolt breaks open the door.

LAND. Why don't you go in ?

JOLT. Why don't you go in ? You are an officer.

LAND. Then I command you to go in before me.

JOLT. Let the 'squire go in, 'tis his business.

SQU. Let my uncle go in, 'tis more his than mine.

MICH. Come, we'll all go in ; tho' he be a captain, he
is but one. [They all go into the room.

Enter Dolly at another Door.

DOLL. What can they be searching for in my chamber ?

AIR XV. To Chloe the Kind and the Easy.

How wretched were Dolly's condition,
 If under the bed
 Her lover were hid,
 Expecting the hour of fruition;
 And panting with eager haste,
 Instead of a whispering voice,
 Awak'd by a boist'rous noise,
 His heart wou'd so beat,
 It wou'd surely defeat
 His hopes, tho' the storms are past.

Re-enter 'Squire Somebody, Micher, &c.

SQU. The devil a thing is here, but an old pair of bod-dice, a broken-back chair, a quire of ballads, a flock-bed, and a green chamber-pot.

DOLL. Why, gentlemen, the people that you want are gone : they took the key from me, and went out.

SQU. Gone ! O ye skies. Sic transit gloria mundi.

MICH. Here, here, let's follow 'em.

SQU. Aye, aye, horses, coaches, spurs, whips, spatter-dashes, gambadoes, boots, and fashoons;—away.

LAND. Hold, hold, gentlemen, what's here ? [Landlord finds the key.] The key of the great gate !—They must be in the house still, if the maid did not let 'em out.

DOLL. Not I, upon my word, sir.

LAND. Then they must have dropt the key, and are in the house still.

SQU. Huzza! have at 'em there; swords, halberts, quarter-staves, muskets, pikes, and pocket-pistols.

MICH. Find 'em out, find 'em out then.

[Exit Land. Jolt, and Servants.

Why don't you go help 'em, nephew?

SQU. I stay to keep you company, uncle.

Enter Captain, in a Night-gown.

CAPT. What's the meaning of all this noise?

SQU. Ah! my dear friend, stand by me now. [Runs to the Captain, and embraces and kisses him.] Who shou'd be here but that damn'd rogue of a captain that we talk'd of, and has run away with my mistress.

CAPT. The devil he did! And how will you use him when he's found?

SQU. Use him! I'll pump him, I'll fouse him, flea him, carbonade him, and eat him alive.

CAPT. But hark ye, sir, don't make such a noise; you'll disturb my wife.

SQU. What, sir! are you married?

CAPT. Married, and bedded since I saw you.

SQU. To whom?

Enter Isabella, and all the rest, except Macahone.

CAPT. To this lady, sir.

SQU. Uncle!

MICH. Nephew!

SQU. Speak, you're the older man.

MICH. Married, it can't be! how cou'd you be married so suddenly?

CAPT. Very luckily, sir: we intended, indeed, to have had it done more decently; but my blockhead dropt the key, and being stopt that way, we saw a light in the minister's chamber, that travelled with me.—We went up, and found him smoaking his pipe: he first gave us his blessing, and then lent us his bed.

SQU. He was a very civil gentleman.

MICH. Sir, this won't pass upon me.—What evidence have you for this?

Enter Macahone.

MAC. By me shoul he needs no evidence, for I am one: I was call'd to be a witness: his man did waken me before I was asleep; and if you will believe no body, you may go up and ask the minister.

AIR XVI. Under the Green Wood Tree.

MAC. He needs no evidensh, dear joy,
For fait now I am one,
I was awak'd by dat brave boy, [Pointing to Fetch.
'Fore I to sleep was gone.
I saw de parson say de grace,
In troth now this is true,
De meat was drest,
And of the best,
And fait he did fall too.

CAPT. And in return, my dear country-man, I'll take care to do you a service in relation to your pretended merchant's wife.

MICH. Then since it is so, much good may't do you with your no-fortune——her mother did not leave her a groat.

SQU. I am glad on't with all my heart.

ISAB. Sir, it will appear otherwise by my writings.

MICH. Writings, what writings? I've no writings of yours.

CAPT. No more you han't, sir, for here they are.

[Shews them.

AIR XVII.

CAPT. } Thrice happy we by love and hymen joy'n'd,
ISAB. }

CAPT. Souls cementing,

ISAB. Hearts contenting,

BOTH. Free and yet confin'd.

CAPT. While you my fairest,

ISAB. You my dearest,

BOTH. Gently rule my mind.

CAPT. No more my absent fair,
With jealous dread tormenting;

ISAB. No more shall rivals dare,
My trembling heart invest.

CAPT. Cares ever pleas'd and pleasing,

ISAB. Joys evermore increasing,

BOTH. Swell my tuneful breast.

CAPT. With raptures warming,

ISAB. Charmed and charming,

BOTH. Thou its only guest.

MICH. Confusion! then I know what I have lost.

SQU. And so do I too: I've lost my labour; I've lost my friend; I've lost my uncle; and I've lost my wife.

But since the Coach such novelties has bred,
The 'Squire unmarry'd, and the Captain wed;
I'll be reveng'd, and go,—I'll go to bed.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

P R O L O G U E

Spoken upon the Revival of this Comedy, at
the Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, some
Years since, when acted for the Benefit of
the AUTHOR.

Written by Mr. SAMUEL PHILIPS.

LIKE some abandon'd mistress of the town,
By long enjoyment stale and nauseous grown,
A thousand little cunning tricks she tries,
T'appear more tempting in her lover's eyes;
Studies each hour new arts t'increase her charms,
And draw him back to her once lovely arms:
But all in vain, in vain the nymph does labour,
And racks invention to regain your favour,
Nothing will do, since you're resolv'd to leave her.

This is our case; what projects han't we try'd,
In hopes you'd stick the closer to our side?
Both day and night toil'd with incessant pains,
T'increase your pleasures, and augment our gains:
Nay, when we found we'd nothing here wou'd do,
We ransack'd the whole globe to find out new,
And all for such ungrateful souls as you.
Do what we cou'd, you left us here alone,
Our Fate and your unkindness to bemoan.

P R O L O G U E.

To poor Monimia you unpity'd, mourn'd,
Her moving sighs, alas! were all return'd,
By a more piercing, ecchoing, hollow sound.

3

Yet after all th' unkindness you have shown,
[Such easy fools as we were never known]
We'd persevere again, renew our toil,
Wou'd you but crown our labours with a smile;
And, as a proof, we here this night present you
With something new, which will, we hope, content you.
And if at last, this the stray'd town reclaims,
We're fully satisfy'd for all our pains;
Your once-lov'd stage its drooping head shall raise,
And from its rival boldly snatch the bays.
But yet, if after all you'll not relent,
But stedfastly are on our ruin bent,
Don't with the guilty slay the innocent.
To-night, at least, let's your compassion share,
And out of charity be pleas'd to spare
The half-starv'd poet, tho' you damn the player.

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EPILOGUE

Spoken by Captain Basil.

Written by Mr. PHILIPS.

AT length, gallants, with whipping, and much flog-
[ging,
And ribs most sorely bruis'd by jolts and jogging;
Safely am I arriv'd at th' land of matrimony,
[A land, I'm told, that flows with milk and honey]
In which, accompany'd with my loving wife,
I intend to travel out the small remains of life:
If I've mistook the path, and gone amiss,
And 'stead of th' promis'd land of happiness,
Find it a barren, curs'd, uneven soil,
O'er-run with briars, and not worth my toil:
How shall I curse the authors of my sin,
Who with fine gilded words first drew me in,
And noos'd the cred'lous wretch fast in the marriage gin?
But all in vain, for there is no relief
To heal my sorrows, and correct my grief;
No pray'rs, no tears can wash away my crime,
Nothing will do, unless aloft I climb,
And fairly rouse my self a second time:
Yet that, perhaps, may like the first, deceive;
Therefore let what will come, I'll e'en contented live.

EPILOGUE.

If my kind spouse t' incontinency is given,
That's not amiss, for cuckolds go to Heaven :
Besides, of late, a cuckold and a rogue
Are the two only men who're most in vogue.
To cuckoldom the citizens lay claim,
They, cunning knaves, [submitting all to gain]
Know 'tis the chief step to a golden chain ;
And, I dare say, there's not one to be found,
But first wore horns, and then the scarlet gown.
To roguery the courtiers most pretend,
Yet it finds neighb'ring cit no backward friend ;
That, like the other, to preferment leads,
Then sure he cannot fail that both paths treads.
The latter——

As being an officer, I understand,
Knows how to cheat, as well as to command :
Yet I don't doubt but that my spouse is kind,
And then too soon I shall the former find.

SONG on a TRIFLE.

By Mr. FARQUHAR.

I.

A Trifling SONG you shall hear,
Begun with a trifle, and ended :
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

II.

Were it not for trifles, a few
That lately have come into play,
The men would want something to do,
And the women want something to say.

III.

What makes men trifle in dressing ?
Because the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often possessing,
That eminent trifle, a beau.

IV.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No sooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle shall part them again.

S O N G.

V.

What mortal man wou'd be able
At WHITE's* half an hour to sit ?
Or who cou'd bear a tea-table,
Without talking trifles for wit ?

VI.

The court is from trifles secure,
Gold keys are no trifles, we see ;
White rods are no trifles, I'm sure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

VII.

But if you will go to the place
Where trifles abundantly breed,
The levee will shew you his grace
Makes promises trifles indeed !

VIII.

A coach with six foot-men behind,
I count neither trifle nor sin ;
But ye gods ! how oft do we find
A scandalous trifle within ?

IX.

A flask of champaign, people think it
A trifle, or something as bad ;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle, by gad.

* Chocolate House in St. James's-street.

S O N G.

X.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
A widow's a trifle in sorrow ;
A peace is a trifle to-day ;
Who knows what may happen to-morrow ?

XI.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it, the red may endeavour ;
But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

XII.

The stage is a trifle, they say ;
The reason pray carry along,
Because at ev'ry new play,
The house they with trifles so throng.

XIII.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to set us all on a foot,
The author of this is a trifle,
And his song is a trifle to boot.

F A R Q U A R's
POEMS, LETTERS,

A N D

E S S A Y S.

FORMS SETTER

ESSAY

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T O

Edmund Chaloner, Esq;

SIR,

AS it is the business of writing to transmit virtue to posterity, so 'tis the policy of the pen to make a party for its productions, by engaging in their cause some worthy person universally honoured and beloved, whose admir'd and establish'd character may add a value to the work, and take off all imputation of flattery from the author.

These advantages I had designed my self before, in a piece of another nature, had not your modesty cautioned me the contrary; but I think it injustice that one part of your character should obscure the rest; and tho' I must despair of your consent for what they call a dedication, yet I must beg your excuse, if at present I consult what shall turn most to my own honour, and the interest of my book, before your approbation and allowance. But I hope you will come to pardon the presumption, when I assure you, that my intention is not so much a panegyrick upon you, as to compliment my self; and my own modesty, not yours, shou'd take the offence.

The great and virtuous actions of progenitors look with a two-fold aspect upon their posterity; for when the vices of the latter appear in the same degree of opposition with the merits of the first, the praise of the father becomes a satire upon the son: and that coat of arms which was the glory of one, turns to a severe libel upon t'other. But when the

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

blood runs in the same channel of virtue, as of consanguinity; when the course of the stream is as pure and lucid as the fountain-head; then may the memory of the past, and the practice of the present age come boldly face to face, where, by a just resemblance of features, the fore-father may joyfully own legitimate posterity.

This advantage, sir, is yours in perfection, being sprung from an ancient and honourable family, of which merit laid the foundation, and virtue has cemented the structure.

The known bravery of your famous ancestor Sir Thomas Chaloner added more value to the order, than he received by the knighthood; not meanly dubbed by a court-favourite, but on the field of battle, where the voice of war declared him noble, before the general made him a banneret. Add to this the politick and prudent discharge of his honourable embassy from Queen Elizabeth to the King of Spain, and it will evidently appear how Minerva had an equal share with Mars in his education; and that his character left us by a great statesman and his intimate friend the illustrious Cecil, was just to his merit.

—————Pietas, prudentia, virtus,
Quæ divisa aliis, Chalonero juncta fuere.

This encomium, sir, is lineally descended to his posterity, but with all its circumstances appears most visibly intailed upon you. In vindication of which I shall only appeal to the judgment of mankind, and the actions of your life; and tho' your modesty may quarrel with the world for doing you justice, yet you cannot give your own behaviour the lye.—Sir, there is not a day of your life but will rise up against you, and produce in legible characters the constant

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

actions of your piety, your generosity, your loyalty, honour and integrity, to convince you of your merit whether you will or not.

So that you must give me leave to apply the great Burleigh's verification to the present opportunity, with the alteration only of a word.

———Pietas, prudentia, virtus,

Quæ divisa aliis, Chalonero juncta supersunt.

Another part of your great ancestor's character I remember is thus described by Mr. Malim—Nam quamvis πολυειδής ac variae lectionis fuerat Chalonerus, utilitatem tamen potius veræ, quàm ostentationem variae eruditionis mihi quævisse videtur. These colours, sir, present you with your own picture drawn to the life: your application to books is qualify'd by an universal knowledge of mankind; and your acquisitions by study are as far removed from pedantry, as your experience in the world from the foppery of a traveller. The qualifications of foreign countries are so naturalized in you, that they seem rather a genuine transmigration from your ancestors, than the effects of your life, with the modesty of your conversation, serves not to inform us that you have seen so much, but may convince the world that you have chosen the best.

But we need not have recourse to France or Italy for your improvements; your alliance and daily conversation with so many of the most noble families in England is sufficient to authorize your merit, and finish your character, being equally related to their blood and their virtues.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

And now, sir, I come about to my first position, inferring from this a compliment upon my self; I have the honour sometimes of sharing some few hours of that conversation, which is so much courted by my superiors, and consequently to plume my vanity in this occasion of acquainting the world with my happiness.

From the mentioning of the honourable Sir Thomas Chaloner, I deduce this advantage, that I make the most courtly address imaginable to poetry, by informing the world, in defence of that art so much villify'd by some, that this great statesman and soldier, the trustiest minister to the greatest of queens, and the intimate friend to the wisest of politicians, was at the same time one of the greatest poets that ever England produced. His ten books de republicâ Anglorum instaurandâ, are sufficient proofs that the qualifications of Virgil are consistent with those of Cato, and that a poetical genius has accompanied the greatest abilities both in court and camp.

Thus, sir, you see that I have avoided the current form in pieces of this nature, not loading the modesty of my patron, but heightening the vanity of the author; and by commending you, I have flatter'd my self.

As the form is new, pray sir, let me intreat you to believe the design of it novel, it being only sent in the capacity and character of a familiar letter, and therefore refuses to be receiv'd with the usual formalities of a mercenary dedication. I am,

SIR,

Your most faithful, and
most humble servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

TO THE
R E A D E R.

SIR,

I N this collection of letters, 'tis but reasonable that you should have one among the rest: and tho' I may want the honour of your acquaintance, yet be assur'd, there is no person in the world more willing to oblige you than your humble servant. I have heard such a character of your honour, your wit, your judgment, your learning, and your candour, that I am in a perfect rapture to think how happy I shall be in your hands.

It was a good ancient custom with our forefathers, to begin their prefaces with kind reader. I would have reviv'd that fashion with all my heart, and call'd you courteous or gentle reader, as you very well deserve; but I thought the style a little too obsolete for a book that I design'd shou'd be a beau. For you must understand, sir, that this gentleman is span new from top to toe, talks of every thing but religion, admires himself very much, and his greatest ambition is to please the ladies. But to finish his character, he's perfectly civil to every body he meets; and with a more particular and profound respect does he run to kiss your hands.

He's none of those bully-books that come bluff into the world, with damme, reader, you're a blockhead if you

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don't commend me. No, no, sir——if you like him, why you had all the sense that he thought you had——if you dislike him, you have more sense than he was aware of, that's all.

Besides all this, he has more manners than to come among gentlemen with his taylor's bill in his hand, and to entertain the company with a long preface or inventory of his equipments; as such a thing cost so much, the work of such a part is excellent, the fashion from Paris and the taylor a Frenchman; you must pardon him for that, sir: if you like the suit, taking it all together, approve his fancy and allow it becomes him, he's your very humble servant.

Moreover, sir, I wou'd have you to know, that this gentleman is of some circumstance and condition, and has not been engag'd in the shifts that some late sparks are put to for their habiliments, who ferrit all the wit-brokers in town, taking up from several places, and strut in a second-hand finery, patch'd up of the scraps and remnants of the eminent men of the age. For I must tell you, sir, tho' his cloaths be but plain, yet they are his own, taken up handsomely at one place, where he may have credit for as much more, when these are worn out.

And now, dear sir, let me intreat you to receive him with the usual forms of civility; if you be a courtier you will shew your breeding; receive him with a sincere smile, swear to do him all the service you can, and you will certainly keep your word——as you us'd to do. From the city he expects more than an ordinary reception, because he is become one of their honourable society; he is bound to Mr. Lintot, and ten to one may serve seven years in his shop, if the town don't club to purchase his freedom; he expects

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good quarter from the wits and criticks, because he sets up for neither; besides, he has scatter'd some little nonsense here and there, that they might not be disappointed of their prey. But his greatest concern is for his entertainment with the ladies; resolv'd however not to complain, thinking it a greater honour to fall a sacrifice to the resentment of the fair, than to live by the approbation of men. Tho' he has some grounds for a more moderate fate at their hands, because a great part of the work was first design'd for one of that sex, without any farther consideration of pleasing the world; and from a lady's cabinet to the press; and if it can but from the press get back again into the ladies closets, there may it rest and peace be with it.

Now, sir, as we meet good friends, pray let us part so; I hate quarrelling mortally, and especially with a person of your present character and condition; and as you like my epistolary style we shall settle a farther correspondence.

ADVERTISEMENT.

* * In the discourse upon comedy, I must beg the reader's excuse for omitting to mention a certain fragment of poetry written by Aristotle. I thank Scaliger for his timely discovery, but shou'd be much more obliged to any body that could shew me the piece.

On the Death of General Schomberg, kill'd
at the Boyn.

A PINDARICK.

WHAT dismal damp has overspread the war?
That victor gives more than the conquer'd fears;
The streams of blood are lost in floods of tears,
And victory with drooping wings comes flagging from afar.

II.

The British Lyon roars
Along the fatal shores;
Th' Ibernian harp in mournful strains,
Mixt with the echo of the flood, complains:
Round whose reflecting banks the grieving voice,
Shakes with a trembling noise,
As if afraid to tell
How the great, martial, God-like Schomberg fell.

III.

Gods! how he flood,
All terrible in blood,
Stopping the torrent of his foes, and current of the flood.
He, Moses like, with sword instead of wand;
This redder sea of gore cou'd strait command;
But not like Moses to secure his flight,
But spight of waves and tides to meet and fight.

IV.

The lab'ring guns oppos'd his passage o'er
 With throws tormented on the shore,
 Of which delivered, they start back and roar,
 As frighted at the monster which they bore.
 The furious offspring swath'd in curling smok,
 And wrapt in bands of fire,
 Hot with its parent's sulph'rous ire,
 And wing'd with death, flies hissing to the stroke.

V.

Like some great rugged tow'r,
 The ancient seat of pow'r,
 Bending with age its venerable halls
 With old and craggy wrinkles on its walls,
 The neighbour's terror whilst it stands, and ruin when it
 Thus mighty Schomberg fell—— [falls.
 Spreading wide ruins o'er the ground,
 With desolation all around,
 Crushing with destructive weight
 The foe that undermin'd his seat;
 Whilst victory, that always sped,
 With tow'ring pinions o'er his army's head,
 Making his banner still her lure,
 Like Marius's vultures, to make conquest sure;
 Seeing the spacious downfall so bemoan'd,
 Perch'd on the ruins; clapp'd her wing's and groan'd.

VI.

Thus * Israel's hero twixt the pillars sat,
The ne plus ultra of his fate ;
These columns which upheld his name,
 Much longer by their fall,
Than those erected strong and tall,
The standing limits of Alcides's fame.

 He sat depriv'd of fight,
Like a black rowling cloud involv'd in night,
Conceiving thunder in its swelling womb,
Big with surprizing fate and rushing doom :
No flash the sudden bolt must here disclose ;
The lightning of his eyes extinguish'd by his foes.
His foes industrious in their juggling fate,

 Him slavishly enchain'd we see,
 To what must set him free,
And then his cheated keepers captivate.
He shook his chains with such a noise,

 The trembling rout,
 Amidst their joys,
 Gaz'd all about,

And heard the real Sampson in the voice :
 They saw him too, 'twas Sampson all,
 Who by his thund'ring fall
 Gave the loud dread alarm,

Dragging a train of vengeance by each giant arm.
Their chilling fears did such amazement frame,
They seem'd all stiff and dead before the ruin came :
The ruin ! only such unto his foes ;
From thence his glorious monument arose ;

• Sampson.

But time's corroding teeth in spite of stone
Has eat thro' all, and even the very ruin's gone:
But Schomberg's monument shall ne'er decay,

The gliding Boyn

Time never can disjoin,

Nor on its floods impose his laws;

They slide, untoucht, from his devouring jaws.

And always running, yet must ever stay.

VII.

Hark! how the trumpets hollow clangors sound,

The army has receiv'd an universal wound;

The death of Schomberg hung.

On every fault'ring tongue,

Whilst palid grief did place

A sympathizing death on every soldier's face;

But hold, ye mighty chiefs,

Suspend your needless griefs,

And let victorious joy your arms adorn;

The mighty warrior's ghost

Upon the Stygian coast,

Your sorrows, more than his own fate do's mourn.

He scorns to be lamented so,

Moving in stately triumph to the shades below.

Behold the sprites that lately felt the blow

Of his commanding warlike arm.

They shivering all start wide, and even more fleeting grow.

As if their powerful hand,

That cou'd their grosser shapes alive command,

Had power to dissolve their airy form.

VIII.

Then let not funeral plaints his trophies wrong,
 Let spoils and pageants march his hearse along,
 And shout his conclamatum in triumphal song.
 All baleful cypress must be here deny'd
 But laurel wreaths fix in their blooming pride;
 For as he conquer'd living, so he conquer'd dy'd.

Written on ORINDA'S Poems lent to a Lady, in Imitation
 of OVID.

ME Damon sends his amorous cause to plead,
 Orinda must for Damon intercede;
 Me has he chose to move your angry mind,
 Me the soft fav'rite of the softer kind,
 Me has he chose your rigorous breast to move,
 He knows my force in poetry and love,
 Me has he chose to tell his anxious pain;
 Read me, and read the passion of the swain,
 Whatever power of love my lines can show,
 It falls far short of what he feels for you;
 Where'er Orinda melts in moving strains,
 Think, Cælia think, that Damon thus complains;
 Whene'er I grieve, think Damon grieves for you,
 Pity the swain that does so humbly sue;
 This Damon begs, Orinda begs it too.

To the ingenious Lady, Author of the FATAL FRIENDSHIP, design'd for a Recommendatory Copy to her Play.

LET others call the sacred nine to aid
Their moving thoughts, in moving numbers laid :
Invoke the fiery God, with all the throng,
That ancient bards implor'd to guide their song ;
Whilst I for nobler inspiration sue,
Scorning their weaker helps, invoking you.
You, who alone have power our thoughts to raise,
And wing our fancy to attempt your praise,
Nought but your charming beauty can dispense
A flame sufficient to describe your sense.
Whilst so much beauty in your form is shown,
No pen on earth can reach it but your own,
Go on then, Daphne, Phœbus will pursue.
His chaster fires are all enjoy'd by you ;
You are his fairer nymph, you bear his laurel too.
Go on thou champion for thy sex design'd,
And prove the muses are of female kind ;
Let distant nations English beauties prize,
As much for charms of wit, as pow'r of eyes :
Your moving scenes the ravish'd audience drew,
Raptures we felt, as when your eyes we view ;
Such arts were us'd to mix our hopes and fears,
You made grief pleasing, and we smil'd in tears.
Thus lovers view a mistress's disdain,
And love to look, tho' sure to look in pain.
Th' effects of labour'd art your work reveals,
Yet a superior art that art conceals.

Here nature gains, tho' naked thus display'd;
 Like beauty, most adorn'd, when least array'd.
 Go on then, doubly arm'd, to conquer men;
 Phoebus his harp and bow, you boast your eyes and pen.
 All to the first, without reluctance yield,
 But your victorious pen has forc'd the field,

An Epigram on the Riding-house in DUBLIN, made into a
 Chapel.

A Chapel of the riding house is made;
 We thus once more see Christ in manger laid;
 Where still we find the jockey trade supply'd
 The layman bridled, and the clergy ride.

To a Lady, being detain'd from visiting her by a storm.

SO poor Leander view'd the Sestian shore,
 Whilst winds and waves oppos'd his passage o'er;
 More moist with tears, because by floods restrain'd,
 Than in these floods had he his wish obtain'd;
 So drown'd, yet burnt within, upon the banks he lean'd;
 Lean'd, begging calms, and as he begging lay,
 Implor'd with sighs the winds, with tears the sea.
 One would have thought by all these mixtures sent,
 To raise a second greater storm he meant.
 Just so whilst kept from you by storms I weep;
 The winds my sighs, my tears augment the deep;
 With flowing eyes I view the distant side,
 The space that parts us doth my self divide.

Here's only left the poor external part,
 Whilst you, where'er you move, possess my heart,
 Depriv'd of love, and your blest sight, I die,
 Whilst you the first, and storms the last deny.

The Lover's Night.

THE night's black curtain o'er the world was spread,
 And all mankind lay emblems of the dead :
 A deep and awful silence void of light,
 With dusky wings sat brooding o'er the night ;
 The rowling orbs mov'd slow from east to west,
 With harmony that lull'd the world to rest ;
 The moon withdrawn, the oozy floods lay dead,
 The very influence of the moon was fled ;
 Some twinkling stars that thro' the clouds did peep,
 Seeming to wink as if they wanted sleep ;
 All nature hush'd, as when dissolv'd and laid
 In silent chaos ere the world was made ;
 Only the beating of the lover's breast
 Made noise enough to keep his eyes from rest ;
 His little world, not like the greater lay
 In loudest tumults of disorder'd day ;
 His sun of beauty shone to light his breast,
 With all its various toils and labours prest ;
 The sea of passions in his working soul,
 Rais'd by the tempests of his sighs, did roul
 In tow'ring floods, to overwhelm the whole ;
 Those tyrants of the mind, vain hope and fear,
 That still by turns usurp an empire there,
 Now raising man on high then plunging in despair.

Thus Damon lies, his grief no rest affords,
Till swelling full, it thus burst out in words.
Oh ! I cou'd curse all womankind but one,
And yet my griefs proceed from her alone ;
Was not our paradise by woman lost ?
But in this woman still we find it most.
Hell's greatest curse a woman if unkind,
Yet Heav'n's great blessing, if she loves, we find.
Oh ! if she lov'd, no god the bliss could tell,
She wou'd be Heav'n it self, were she not so much hell.
Thus our chief joys with most allays are curst,
And our best things, when once corrupted, worst.
But Heav'n is just ; our selves the idols fram'd,
And are for such vain worship justly damn'd.
Thus the poor lover argu'd with his fate ;
Æmylia's charms now did his love create,
That love repuls'd now prompted him to hate.
Sometimes his arms wou'd cross his bosom rest,
Hugging her lovely image printed on his breast ;
Where flattering painter fancy shew'd his art,
In charming draughts, his pencil Cupid's dart ;
The shadow drawn so lively did appear,
As made him think the real substance there :
Then was he blest, all rapture stunn'd with joy,
Excess of pleasure did his bliss destroy ;
He thought her naked, soft and yielding waist,
Within his pressing arms lay folded fast ;
Nay, by the gods, she really there was plac'd :
Else how cou'd pleasure to such raptures flow ?
Th' effect was real—then the cause was so.

What more can most substantial pleasure boast,
Than joy when present, memory when past?
Then bliss is real which the fancy frames,
Or these call'd real joys are only dreams.

The Bril, August the 10th, 1700. New Style.

Dear S A M,

TO give you a short journal of my short voyage, on Wednesday I got to Harwich about four in the afternoon, and alighted at one of the cleanest, best-furnish'd inns in the kingdom; my warrant for the packet-boat cost me half a piece, and to the officers for not executing their duty half a crown. This place, like most sea-ports, we found extravagantly dear; but to ease that inconvenience, we were advis'd to get aboard by eleven at night. Here I met a gentleman, whose company I was very happy in, tho' extremely concern'd for the occasion of his voyage, which was an express to the king of the duke of Gloucester's death. This was the first news I had of this publick loss, which I had not much time to reflect upon, being so nearly touch'd on the score of my private concern by a violent storm that immediately came upon us: you may guess at our circumstances, when I assure you, that our greatest comfort was the lightning, that shew'd the seamen their business, which otherwise they must have grop'd for; all intercourse of speech being broken off by the loudness of the thunder: We had such warm work, that I sometimes allow'd it a just thought, that satan shou'd be entitled prince of the air; and again, why the devil shou'd command the

artillery of Heaven, I cou'd not so well comprehend. I supported my self with the thought, that Providence had no design upon me, but that this tumult of the elements was their manner of expressing their grief for the loss of his highness; or that they were angry at Mr. L———r for bringing such unwelcome news into their dominions, and for making a property of them to spread it abroad. By this kind of poetical philosophy I bore up pretty well under my apprehensions, tho' never worse prepar'd for death, I must confess, for I think I had never so much money about me at a time. We had some ladies aboard that were so extremely sick, that they often wished for death, but were damnably afraid of being drown'd: but as the scripture says, sorrow may last for a night, but joy cometh in the morning; the weather clear'd up with the day, the wind turned westerly, and in a few hours I was going to say, we saw England out of sight. All Thursday we had a fresh gale and cold chickens; our wine went about at a strange rate: for our stomachs ebb'd and flow'd like the element. On Friday morning we made the coast of Holland, a stiff gale and the sea runs high. I was mightily pleased to view the continent, you may be sure; but as I stood upon the poop perusing its first appearance with my perspective, I had such a rebuke for my curiosity by a great sea, that took us fore and aft, that I was season'd for a Dutchman immediately. Whether this be a compliment of salutation usually paid to strangers, or that the Batavian out-guards took me for a spy upon their frontiers, I shall leave the skipper to determine. In short, by working of a staunch ship, and the influence of a staunch proverb in favour of the Old Baily Bar, we got over the Bar at the Maese; and the Dutch wave has clear'd my eye-sight

of an error that we Britains are very fond of, that the Thames is the finest river in the universe; for I can assure you Sam, that the Rhine is much beyond it, as a pair of ears before a sculler, let all the Tritons between Chelsea and Richmond argue never so loud to the contrary; tho' in one sort of traffick upon that part of the Thames we exceed the whole world, both for the quantity and cheapness of the commodity; and I believe the store-house for this kind of staple, including the play-house and the Rose, may contend with most marts in Europe.

This day at eleven we landed at the Brill, and here I have a small taste of this republick, that makes such a noise in the world—my fancy, in respect of expectation, has generally been so fruitful, that the dearest part of my hopes has frequently ended in disappointments; and I have seldom found things come up to answer the idea that I have usually fram'd of their excellence; but here I must confess the reality exceeds the shadow, and I am pleas'd once in my life to find a thing that can afford me substantial pleasure in the enjoyment. I have read much of this place, fancied more, yet all falls short of what I see.

At my first entrance into this town, I made one discovery, which I believe has hitherto escap'd most travellers, viz. That the Dutch are the greatest beaux in the world, only with this difference from the gentlemen at White's, that their finery is much more noble and substantial; I never knew the fairest, finest, full-bottom wig, most nicely fix'd on the most beautiful block in the side-box, look half so genteel as a Dutch canal with a stately row of flourishing trees on each side, and some twenty beautiful bridges laid a-cross it, within sixty or seventy paces one of another. I never knew a valet, and a barber with razors, tweezers, perfumes, and

washes, work half so hard upon a gentleman's face, that design'd a conquest on a birth-night, as I have seen a lusty Dutch woman with a mop and warm water scrub the marbles and tiles before the door, till she has scout'd them brighter than any fop's complexion in the universe. No first rate beau with us, drawn by his fix before and fix behind, lolling luxuriously in his coach, appears half so gallant, as a jolly Skipper at the stern of his barge, with a furr'd cap like rays about his head, the helm in his hand, and his pipe in his mouth, with liberty seated in one whisker, and property in t'other; and in this splendor making the tour of half a dozen fine cities in a day, without either qualm of the spleen or twinge of the gout. Such a person I take for a beau of the first magnitude, who scorning to be lugg'd by beasts as fellows are to Tyburn, can harness the winds and waves for his equipage; and improving on the works of Providence, make the universal elements (air and water) submit to his private composition of advantage and diversion. To see the wind work in his sails, and play with his pendants, must certainly afford more substantial and pure satisfaction, than the whince of a horse or the crack of a coach-whip.

In short, dear Sam, I am not so bigoted to domestic customs, as not to approve what is admirable here; and you must pardon me, that I have thrown up the prejudices of nativity with my beef and pudding as I came over, and 'tis no small part of my present wonder, why we should call the Dutch a slovenly sort of people, since to the eye, which must determine that circumstance, they are much more gaudy than that nation we so mimic and admire, and with this advantage, that they are gay without levity, and fine

beyond foppery. Why we should mention the Dutch with contempt, and the French with admiration, is a severe satire upon the English judgment, when the bravery of the former attract the admiration of men, and the pageantry of the latter draw only the eyes of women: but our English ladies are so very fine, that we are very willing to please them, and thus are drawn into this unreasonable prejudice; but we ought to take care, that by being thus particular slaves to our respective mistresses, we ben't drawn at last into universal bondage to a master. The French have taken no small pains of late years to render themselves agreeable; they treat us like a mistress, do every thing that they fancy will please us, till they bring us at last to act whatsoever shall please them. But this is no news; and I think it a little improper to tell you an English story from a place where you may expect some foreign entertainment. I have no more to say at present, but that I am just going for Rotterdam, and departing from a Scotch house here, where nothing of that country is to be found but the landlord; for the rooms are a paradise for cleanliness, but the host is a rogue for his reckoning. I have got such a heap of silver out of a pistole, as upon a handsome counter might give credit to a banker; and I can assure you, that while I have a brother to that pistole left, you shall not see,

Your friend and servant.

Leyden, October 15, 1700.

Dear S A M,

THE usual excuse of gentlemen abroad for neglecting their friends at home is, that new sets of different objects continually entertaining us with changes of admiration, the ideas of our old acquaintance are by degrees worn out by the accession of the new : but this kind of forgetfulness were too severe a charge upon the merit of my friends and my own gratitude, both which I will choose to maintain ; and I leave it to your charity to make me an excuse for my silence. The truth is, I have had a very tedious fit of sickness, which had almost sent your friend a longer journey than he was willing to undertake at present ; but now being pretty well recover'd, I can only inform you in general, that every day surprizes me with some agreeable object or other ; and I find very much to my wonder, that the accounts I have had of this country are very different from the observations that may be made upon the place. Some general remarks there are undisputably certain, as that nothing can parallel the Dutch industry, but the luxury of England ; and that the money laid out in the taverns in London, in purchasing diseases, would victual the whole United Provinces very plentifully at their wholesome course of diet ; that the standing-army maintained by the Dutch for their security against a foreign force, are not half so expensive, as the fifty thousand lawyers kept by our civil factions in England, for no other use, but to set us continually by the ears ; people, like the Jews, that are tolerated

in all governments for the interest of the publick, while their main dritt is to enrich themselves, and who by their gettings and cunning have brought their riches and practice into a proverb. The lawyers here put the question only, whether the thing be lawful? and upon application to the statutes, the controversy is immediately determined. But our casuists at Westminster dispute not so much upon the legality of the cause, as upon the letter of the law, and make more cavils on the meaning of the words that should determine justice, than upon the equity of the allegations, contended for by the parties; and the bulk of our laws have loaded justice so heavily, that 'tis become a burthen to the people, who in regard of their sufferings in this kind should borrow an appellation from physick, and be called patients rather than clients.

Another thing worth consideration in respect of the laws in Holland, is this; none but honest men make estates by their practice; for the siding with the wrong party brings the lawyer into contempt, and lays him under a severe reprehension, either of ignorance in his business, or knavery to the people: hence it comes to pass that injustice, not finding a patron to support its cause, is forced to remove to a neighbouring country, where the wrong side was never known to make its assertor blush; where the eloquence of S—re, and the impudence of S—n are plausible pretences for patronizing injustice, and abusing the client: but there are bravoës in all parts of the world, that will take money for cutting of throats, whether there be grounds or not for the resentment.

So much for the law, now for the gospel, Sam. I think Holland may contend for the catholick church with any part in Europe, because it is more universal in its religion, than

any country in the universe. 'Tis a pleasant thing to see Christians, Mahometans, Jews, Protestants, Papists, Armenians and Greeks, swarming together like a hive of bees, without one sting of devotion to hurt one another; they all agree about the business of this life, because a community in trade is the interest they drive at; and they never jostle in the way to the life to come, because every one takes a different road. One great cause of this so amicable a correspondence and agreement, is, that only the laity of these professions compose the mixture; here are no ingredients of priestcraft to sour the composition; pulpits indeed they have, but not like Hudibras's ecclesiastick drums that are continually beating up for volunteers to the alarming the whole nation. Here is no interest of sects to be manag'd under the cloak of gaining profelytes to the truth; nor strengthening of parties by pretence of reclaiming of souls; every shepherd is content with his own flock, and Musti, Levite, Pope, and Presbyter are all christians in this, that they live in unity and concord.

'Tis a strange thing, Sam, that amongst us people can't agree the whole week, because they go different ways upon Sundays: this is to make the Lord's day a sower of dissension, and religion (which is call'd the bond of peace) to be the brand of discord and combustion: but we have some preachers that think themselves inspir'd with the spirit, when they are really possess'd by the devil; the fervency of whose zeal dismisses congregations with heats and heart-burnings of spirit, and blows up the coals on the altar to set their neighbours houses on fire; the efficacy of the pulpit is sufficiently shewn in the practice of the congregations. No people in the world are so full of notional principles of

faith; and to what purpose the following instance shall shew you. Two gentlemen of my acquaintance, one a devout hearer, at Covent-garden church, and the other a violent zealot for Doctor Burgess's meeting, met one evening at Tom's Coffee-house, and wou'd adjourn to the Fleece Tavern, to discourse upon some point of doctrine manag'd that Sunday by their respective ministers. The drawer brought in a bottle of new French, and the dissenter introduc'd predestination: after two or three hearty glasses, the dispute grew pretty warm, and the quotations of the fathers and the texts of scripture made such a noise, that two wenches that usually ply upon those stairs, over-hearing the bustle, took them for a couple of Levites, and so made account to bolt them in, and sell their Mackarel, the fervency of the argument was presently abated upon the appearance of the ladies, and a topick of a more familiar nature assum'd; till both being pretty well convinc'd of their opponent's fire and fancy, the whores were dismiss'd, and predestination re-assum'd; the argument grew warmer, as the disputants grew fuddled: in short, they disputed themselves stark drunk, drew their swords to decide the controversy; and had not one Mr. Fern come in, 'twas great odds that predestination had not sent one to the devil, and t'other to the gallows. But they parted friends at last, and said one to t'other, I am sorry at my heart, dear friend, that you won't go to Heaven my way. And so away he reel'd to a bawdy-house. Now the moral of the fable is this: if the divines instead of their speculative theology, had preach'd that day a thundering sermon against drunkenness and fornication, 'tis probable that the faith of these gentlemen had been ne'er the less fortify'd, and their good works much more improv'd.

But I beg your pardon for this digression ; I was going to say that, excepting a few general remarks, some of which I have mention'd, the accounts we have of this people are very lame, and sometimes exactly opposite to the truth. I shall mention one or two particulars that I found very obvious.

We have a notion in England that the Dutch are very great drunkards ; whether this aspersions arises from some people's confounding the High-Dutch with the Low, or that there is a sottishness in their miens and complexions, I can't determine ; but this I can assure you, that the report is as false, as should I aver, that the people in London are the most chaste and sober gentlemen in the world. 'Tis true indeed they will take off a topping glass of brandy, but that is only what is absolutely necessary to moderate the moisture and coldness of their constitution, and us'd in such a quantity by the meaner sort only, who living continually in the water, must require an allowance to fortify themselves against the chilness of their habitations ; for you must know that whole families, men, women and children, live continually in boats, and have no more tenement on dry-land than a Thames salmon ; but notwithstanding this incumbent necessity of their taking a cup of the creature, I never have seen since I came into this country but one Dutch-man drunk ; and altho' his impertinence was no more than is naturally incident to any body in his condition, yet the whole boat, full of people, to the number of sixty persons, shew'd the greatest aversion imaginable to his circumstances, except two or three jolly English men that made very good sport with his humour ; and had not we, with some French gentlemen, protected his carcass, his

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countrymen wou'd have fous'd him in the canal very heartily for his debauch.

As the laborious life of the inferior fort requires an exhilarating glass, so the same necessity both as to time and charge secures them from excess: and for their gentry they are indeed sociable in their own houses; but were it not for strangers, all places of publick entertainment must consequently fall; which is the greatest argument imaginable for the sobriety and temperance of a people; whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very taverns in London, with seven or eight handsome churches, and one or two of our inns of court, (all which we could well enough spare) were but handsomely seated on the banks of a river, they would make a figure with some of the most remarkable cities in Europe. This indeed is a noble argument of the riches of England; but whether our luxury springing from plenty, or the temperance of Holland, the effect of necessity, be the happier state, is a question that I want leisure now to determine.

Another account we have current among us, that there are no beggars in Holland; that they are very careful in employing the poor. That their manufactures require a great many hands is most certain, but ocular demonstration is too strong a proof against all their industry; and I'm apt to believe, that the order of mendicants is of a very late institution, else so visible a falsity cou'd never put this trick upon travellers. Whether their late expensive wars have ruin'd more people than their manufactures can employ, or that the poverty of the Spaniards in the neighbouring Netherlands, have by degrees infected the meaner sort, I shan't be positive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well-dispos'd christian may find as many objects of charity here

as in any part of England, if we may judge of their wants by the fervency of their cries.

I do believe that the charity of the Dutch is no great encouragement to beggars ; which is the reason (I conceive) why the poor flock all to the high-ways and track-skouts, where the opportunity is good for application to strangers.

From these, and some other such like particulars, I found it matter of speculation, how the generality of the English nation being so near neighbours to this state shou'd be so very short in their knowledge of the manners and constitution of this people ; but this I may presume to proceed upon the following accounts.

Most of our English that visit this place, are either young gentlemen that come abroad to travel, or merchants that make a short trip upon their own private concerns.

'Tis the usual way with the first of these to take Holland en passant, either going or coming ; and being youthful sparks are so fond of their finery at Paris, and delicacy of Rome, that they han't leisure, forsooth, to dwell upon the solidity of this place. France and Italy are their provinces, and Holland their inn upon the road ; they lye for a night, and away the next morning.

They can tell you, perhaps, that the Dutch manner of travelling is very commodious ; that the Hague is a pretty village, Amsterdam a fine city, and that the people are a parcel of heavy, dull, unconvertible creatures, and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of old England than this peremptory declaration. I would willingly understand how gentlemen can make a true estimate of the wit and

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ingenuity of a people, when they don't stay to make one acquaintance in the country, nor can speak one syllable of their language.

Most of our young nobility and gentry travel under the tuition of French governors, who however honest in their intentions of serving their pupils, are nevertheless full of their *moy mème*; and from the prejudice of birth and education, like all other people, are most inclinable to the manners, language, dress and behaviour of their own nation; and though perfectly skilled, perhaps, in the accomplishments that compose what we call a fine gentleman, yet 'tis probable they may fall short in those qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an Englishman, in respect of the interest of his country, and of these I take the Dutch language to be none of the most trivial. For at the present juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the interest of Europe, that we should be well with these people, it were not unnecessary that our amity should be linkt with private friendships and correspondence, as by publick leagues and alliances. An instance of which is very visible to our prejudice in the habitudes and familiarity contracted by our young gentlemen at Paris, which, without all dispute, is one great reason for the influence retained by that court, not only over our fashions and behaviour, but which is extensive also to matters of more weighty consequence, including even our councils, laws and government.

The second sort of people that make a turn into this country, are our merchants, whose speculation is limited by a few particulars; their affairs not extending to the policies of state, nor the humours of the people, they are satisfied to mind their business only, and to understand the encou-

agement of trade, the prices and customs upon goods, the value of stock, and the rates of exchange: their conversation lies chiefly between the store-house and the broad-side, and that in one or two cities at most, where their correspondents are resident. So that all the account we must expect from these persons, must only relate to their trade in general, or to some particular branch of it, which is universally understood already through the intercourse of our dealing, and neither so improving to our polity, nor satisfactory to the curious. But even among their encouragements of trade so universally known and admired, as the advantageous situation of their country, their natural propensity to navigation, the lowness of their imposts, &c. yet by an odd accident I came to understand one policy in their trading constitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written account whatsoever. The matter was thus in all its circumstances.

One day upon the Exchange at Rotterdam, I casually met a gentleman, who some time ago lived one of the most considerable merchants in Ireland, and about some four years since, by great losses at sea, was forced to fly his country in a very mean condition. I put him in mind of his misfortunes by a favour he once conferred upon me of a bottle of claret and a neat's tongue, at launching of a new ship that he had built in Dublin; which vessel (bottom and goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first voyage. The gentleman seemed very sensible of his misfortunes, but withal told me, that he still had a glass of wine and a tongue at my service, if I would come and see him at his house that evening. I made him a visit, and found to my no small surprize, an handsome house, neatly furnished,

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excellent meat, and as good Burgundy as ever joyed the heart of man. I took the freedom to ask my merchant how a bankrupt should come by all this, in answer to which he gave me the following account of his affairs.

The Dutch, sir, (said he) have a law, that whatever merchant in any part of Europe, who has had any considerable traffick with this country, whose honesty is apparent by his former accounts, and can prove by sufficient testimony, that his losses and misfortunes, are not chargeable upon his ignorance nor extravagance, but purely those of unfortunate chance, above the reach of human prevention; that then such a merchant may repair to them, have the freedom of any sea-port in the state, have a supply of whatever money he's willing to take up; out of the publick revenue, upon the bare security of his industry and integrity; and all this upon the current interest, which is seldom above four per cent.

Pursuant to this (continued the gentleman) my qualifications for this credit being sufficiently testified, I took up here two thousand pound sterling, and in two years have gained fifty per cent. So that by God's assistance, and my own diligent endeavours, I question not but in a few years I shall be able to shew my face to my creditors, return to my country and there live in statu quo.

Here are two points remarkable enough: a charitable action to relieve distressed strangers, and a policy of state for the interest of the republick, which you may soon discover by repeating the conditions. His honesty must be manifest from his former accounts, his sufficiency in business apparent from his precedent manner of dealing, his misfortunes such as were above human prevention, as by storms,

pirates, or the like; but above all, he must have some considerable traffick with this country, there's the clincher, the utile, the greatest encouragement imaginable for all foreigners to traffick with this nation, and for the most ingenious traders, who are not always the most fortunate, to seek a residence among them: and what a life and vigour these two circumstances may add to the trade of a nation, the flourishing condition of this people is the most sufficient witness.

Now, Sam, I have tired you most certainly, for I am weary myself, and we are seldom the soonest tired with our own: the gravity of my style you must impute to the air of the country, and the length of my letter to a very rainy day that has kept me within; and to excuse the matter, it shall cost you nothing, for I send it by a gentleman, who can assure you that what I have said is true. I shall at least conclude with a truth, that I am,

Dear SIR, yours, &c.

An EPILOGUE spoken by Mr. Wilks, at his first Appearance upon the English Stage.

AS a poor stranger wrecked upon the coast,
 With fear and wonder views the dangers past;
 So I with dreadful apprehensions stand,
 And thank those powers that brought me safe to land.
 With joy I view the smiling country o'er,
 And find, kind Heav'n's! an hospitable shore.
 'Tis England—this your charities declare,
 But more the charms of British beauties there;

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Beauties that celebrate this isle afar,
They by their smiles, as much as you by war,
True love, true honour, here I can't fail to play
Such lively patterns you before me lay.
Void of offence, tho' not from censure free,
I left a distant isle too kind to me,
Loaded with favours I was forc'd away,
'Cause I wou'd not accept what I could never pay.
There I cou'd please, but there my fame must end,
For hither none must come to boast, but mend.
Improvement must be great, since here I find,
Precepts, examples, and my masters kind.

A PROLOGUE on the proposed Union of the two Houses.

NOW all the world's ta'en up with state affairs,
Some wishing peace, some calling out for wars.
'Tis likewise fit we shou'd inform the age,
What are the present politicks o'th' stage:
Two different states, ambitious both, and bold,
All free-born souls, the new house and the old,
Have long contended, and made stout essays,
Which shou'd be monarch, absolute in plays;
Long has the battle held with bloody strife,
Where many ranting heroes lost their life;
Yet such their enmity, that e'en the slain
Do conquer death, rise up, and fight again.
Whilst from the gallery, Box, the pit and all,
The audience look'd, and shook its awful head,
Wond'ring to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale to see us look so red.

For force of numbers, and poetick spell,
 We've rais'd the ancient heroes too from hell,
 To lead our troops; and on this bloody field,
 You've seen great Cæsar fight, great Pompey yield;
 Vast sums of treasure too we did advance,
 To draw some mercenary troops from France;
 Light-footed rogues, who when they got their pay,
 Took to their heels—allons—and run away.
 Here you have seen great Philip's conqu'ring son,
 Who in twelve years did the whole world o'er-run;
 Here has he fought, and found a harder job,
 To beat one play house, than subdue the globe:
 All this from emulation for the bays,
 You lik'd the contest, and bestow'd your praise:
 But now (as busy heads love something new)
 They would propose an union—Oh, mort-dieu.
 If it be so, let Cæsar hide his head,
 And fight no more for glory, but for bread.
 Let Alexander mourn, as once before,
 Because no worlds are left to conquer more.
 But if we may judge small from greater things,
 The present times may shew what union brings,
 You feel the danger of united kings.
 If we grow one, then slav'ry must ensue
 To poets, players, and my friends to you.
 For to one house confin'd, you then must praise
 Both cursed actors and confounded plays.
 Then leave us as we are, and next advance
 Bravely to break the tye 'twixt Spain and France.

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On the Death of a Lady's Sparrow, in Imitation of Catullus
for his Lesbia's.

MOURN all ye muses, mourn ye nymphs and loves,
Mourn all ye woods, mourn all ye trees and groves,
Weep all ye streams, ye forest fade and mourn,
Your well-lov'd bird must ne'er again return.
Let the dull air ne'er be serene again,
Let all the winds with loudest sighs complain:
The once blest winds, whilst they cou'd bear away
His charming notes, and with his feathers play.
How shall I grieve, or how bewail his death?
None fit to sing, that wants his tuneful breath:
Like the melodious swan prepar'd to die,
He shou'd himself have sung his elegy.
Ye wing'd choristers, come here and sing,
Lament his death; sweet flow'rs and blossoms bring,
To strew his grave with beauties of the spring.
Sweet was his voice, well were his notes belov'd,
His careful mistress with his tunes he mov'd,
Oft has he sung upon the flow'ry plain,
But ne'er, alas! like wretched me in vain.
Round her alone the pretty bird wou'd fly;
Chirp to the fair, and in her bosom lie;
Her bosom, fairer than the silver sky:
There did the wanton play, and there was blest,
And there alone he made his downy nest;
All her discourse to him he understood,
And kindly answer'd with what voice he could.

Upon her head oft wou'd he flutt'ring move,
 And spread a living canopy above;
 Ten thousand pretty things shew'd his officious love.
 Oft as she walk'd, when she began to sing,
 With her own breath he fann'd her from his wing;
 Then would he pluck the daisies here and there,
 And to her hands the blushing presents bear.
 The wood he scorn'd, and chose with her to dwell,
 Her fingers did all boughs by far excel.
 Ye winged Choristers, come here and sing,
 Lament his death; sweet flow'rs and blossoms bring,
 To strew his grave with beauties of the spring.
 For ah! he's gone, his pleasing sports must cease;
 He's gone, alas! and now no more can please;
 Still is his voice, and still his stiff'ning wing,
 He ne'er again must to his mistress sing.
 See his deep grave by mournful Cupid made,
 Himself close by in a sad posture laid,
 Breaking his golden arrow, late his spade.
 Around his grave let circling Fairies play,
 Dance the whole night, and scarce depart by day.
 Let all things grieve, Selinda's sparrow's gone;
 Selinda's sparrow, so belov'd alone.
 For him the tender virgin mourns and cries,
 For her dear sparrow she laments and sighs,
 Sworn to be bury'd there, whene'er she dies.
 Then shall the wing'd choir flock here and sing,
 Lament her death; sweet flow'rs and blossoms bring,
 To strew her grave with beauties of the spring.

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On the DEATH of the late QUEEN.

WHilst Heav'n with envy on the earth look'd down;
Saw us unworthy of the royal pair;
And justly claim'd Maria as its own;
Yet kindly left the glorious William here:
The Heav'n and earth, alike do in the blessing share:
He makes the earth, the Heav'n our great allies,
And tho' we mourn, she for our comfort dies;
Nor need we fear the rash presumptuous foe,
While she's our saint above, and he our king below.

A S O N G.

I.

TELL me, Aurelia, tell me pray,
How long must Damon sue;
Prefix the time, and I'll obey,
With patience wait the happy day
That makes me sure of you.

II.

The sails of time my sighs shall blow;
And make the minutes glide;
My tears shall make the current flow,
And swell the hastning tide.

III.

The wings of love shall fly so fast,
 My hopes mount so sublime,
 The wings of love shall make more haste
 Than the swift wings of time.

The Affignation. A SONG.

I.

THE minute's past appointed by my fair,
 The minute's fled
 And leaves me dead
 With anguish and despair.

II.

My flatter'd hopes their flight did make
 With the appointed hour;
 None can the minutes past o'ertake,
 And nought my hopes restore.

III.

Cease your plaints, and make no moan;
 Thou sad repining swain;
 Although the fleeting hour be gone,
 The place does still remain.

IV.

The place remains, and she may make
 Amends for all your pain;
 Her presence can past time o'ertake,
 Her love your hopes regain.

AN EPIGRAM.

DANS vitam panis, nobis dans gaudia vinum,
 Omnia dans aurum, sunt pretiosa nimis:
 Nil commune bonum est, at res est flebilis alt'ra
 Dans, est communis fœmina ubique, nihil.

In English thus:

NATURE's chief gifts unequally are carv'd;
 It surfeits some, while many more are starv'd:
 Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before
 Was common good, is now made private store,
 Nothing that's good we have among us common,
 But all enjoy the common ill—a woman.

To a Gentleman that had his Pocket pick'd of a Watch
 and some Gold by a Mistress.

A Burlesque Letter.

I'M sorry, Sam, thou'rt such a ninny,
 To let a wench rob thee of a guinea.
 And thus to spend and lose your cobb's,
 By lavish op'ning both your fobbs:

You're fairly fobb'd to let her get all,
 Both one and also t'other metal.
 Your work was on a pretty score,
 You dug the mine, she found the ore.
 The devil take the cunning whore.
 You sily laid her down to rest her,
 And on the bed she found a tester.
 Your watch too, Sam, (these men of power
 Must lye with doxies by the hour)
 A minute's time did that command;
 Then her's, it seems was minute hand.
 She wound you up to her own liking,
 Then stole the watch while you were striking.
 Then think not, sir, that you're undone;
 What's wound so high, must next run down:
 In revelling time, you thought no sin,
 To play a game at in and in.
 I wonder tho' you did not win for't:
 Since that you were so fairly in for't:
 But what destroy'd you in a trice,
 She held the box, you shook the dice:
 The devil was in the dice then surely,
 To lose when you play'd so securely,
 And three to one was lay'd so purely.
 But what's the worst of all mishaps,
 You dread, they say, some after-claps:
 If that be so, my dearest Sammy,
 You'll curse, and bid the devil damn ye.
 The fruits of wild oats which you scatter,
 Is nothing else but barley water:
 The seed-time's good, you know my meaning,
 But faith the harvest's only gleaning.

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Take heart however, 'tis my desire,
 You will revive, the p——x expire;
 Then rise like Phoenix from the fire.
 The metal's stronger that's well solder'd,
 And beef keeps sweeter once 'tis powder'd:
 So farewel, Sam, and may you ne'er want
 Such a true faithful humble servant,

May the fourth, from temple inner,
 The post's going out, I in to dinner.

Grays inn, Wednesday.

TIS a presumption to imagine, that you have thought my letters worth the keeping, and yet a greater presumption to expect you shou'd now return them if you have kept them so long; but I hope the design will partly excuse my request: I have promis'd to equip a friend with a few letters to help out a collection for the press, and there are none I dare sooner expose to the world than those to you, because your merit may warrant their sincerity, and because your ladyship was pleas'd to commend them: this makes me imagine, madam, that they have still secur'd a place in your cabinet, tho' the unworthy author cou'd merit no room in your heart; whence I may infer, that they may be as acceptable to you in print as in my manu'cript; but if you have a mind to secure trophies of so poor a conquest, I shall be proud to return them as soon as ever they are transcrib'd; for which I now pawn my word and honour, as sincerely as I once did the heart of,

Madam,

Your most humble servant.

Tuesday morning, one stocking on,
and t'other off.

I Have had your letter, madam, and all that I understand by it, is that your hand is as great a riddle as your face; and 'tis as difficult to find out your sense in your characters, as to know your beauty in your mask; but I have at last conquer'd the maidenhead of your writing, as I hope one day I shall that of your person; and I am sure you han't lost your virginity, if the lines in your complexion be half so crooked as those in your letters. I return your compliment of advice in the same number of particulars that you were pleas'd to send me. First, if you are not handsome, never shew a face that may frighten away that admirer which your wit has engaged. Secondly, never believe what a gentleman speaks to you in a mask: for while the ladies wear double faces, 'tis but justice that our words should bear a double meaning—lastly, you must never advise a man against wandering, if you design to be his guide. You tell me of swearing to a known lye: I don't remember, madam, that I ever swore I lov'd you; tho' I must confess that a little lady in a half mourning mantua and a deep mourning complexion, has run in my head so much since Monday night, that I'm afraid, she will soon get in my heart: but now, madam, hear my misfortune.

The angry fates and dire stage-coach,
Upon my liberty incroach,
To bear me hence with many a jog,
From thee my charming dear incog.
Unhappy wretch! at once who feels
O'eturns of hack and fortune's wheels.

This is my epitaph, madam, for now I'm a dead man ; and the stage-coach may most properly be call'd my hearse, bearing the corps only of the deceas'd F———r ; for his soul is left with you, whom he loves above all womankind ; by whom you may judge of the height of his passion ; for he cares not one farthing for your whole sex, as I hope to be saved.

Thursday 11 o'Clock.

BOPEEP is child's play, and 'tis time for a man to be tir'd of it. I went yesterday to Bedlam upon your mad assignation, stay'd till seven like a fool, to expect one, who, unless she were mad wou'd never come. I begin to believe that they are only wise that are there, and we possess'd that put them in ; they at least have this advantage over us lunaticks at liberty, that they find pleasure in their frenzy, and we a torment in our reason. I was so tir'd with walking there so long, that I could not bear the fatigue of putting off my cloaths, but sat up all night at the tavern ; so that your letter is but just come to my hands, when, like Prince Prettyman, I have one boot on and t'other off. Love and honour have a strong battle, but here comes my friend to claim my engagement, so love is put to the rout, and away for Essex immediately ; but a word of advice before we part. Pray consider, madam, whether your good or ill stars have usually the most ascendant over your inclinations, and accordingly prosecute your intentions, of corresponding with me or not ; wou'd you be advis'd by me, you wou'd let it alone ; for by the uneasiness that my small

converse has already rais'd in me, I guess at the greater disturbance of being farther expos'd to your charms, unless I may hope for something which my vanity is too weak to ensure. Fortune has always been my adversary; and I may conclude that woman, who is much of her nature, may use me the same way; but if you prove as blind as she, you may, perhaps, love me as much as she hates me. My humble service to your two sister fairies, and to the devil take you all.

If you will answer this—you may.

Essex, Friday morning.

I HAVE been a horseback, madam, all this morning, which has so discompos'd my hand and head, that I can hardly think or write sense; the posture of my affairs is a little extraordinary in some other parts about me; for my saddle was very uneasy: the hare we hunted put me in mind of a mistress, which we must gallop after with hazard of breaking our necks, and after all our pains the puss may prove a witch at the long run. I have had no female in my company since I left the town, or any thing of your sex to entertain me: for your Essex women, like your Essex calves, are only butchers meat; and if I must cater for my self commend me to a pit partridge, which comes pretty cheap, and where I have my choice of a whole covey; how well I love this kind of meat you may guess, when I assure you, that I have purely fed upon your idea ever since, which has stuck as close to me as my shirt; which by the way I han't shifted since I came into the country; for clean

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linen is not so modish here as a lover might require. I receiv'd just now an impertinent piece of banter from an angry fair; she says, I pawn'd my soul to the devil for the great success of my play. But her ladyship is thus angry because I would not pawn my body to the devil for another sort of play, of which I presume the lady to be a very competent judge; I shall disappoint her now, as formerly; for I will set her raging mad with the calmness of my answer: besides, madam, there is nothing can put me out of humour, that comes by that post which brings me a line from you; tho' I must tell you in plain terms, that I begin to have but a mean opinion of your beauty; for were it in the least parallel to your wit, the number of your other conquests wou'd raise your vanity above any correspondence with a person whose chief merit is his indifference.

Grays-inn, Wednesday morning.

THE arguments you made use of last night for still keeping on your mask I endeavour'd to refute with reason; but that proving ineffectual, I'll try the force of rhyme, and send you the heads of our chat in a poetical dialogue between you and I.

You.

Thus images are veil'd which you adore;
Your ignorance does raise your zeal the more.

I.

All image-worship for false zeal is held;
False idols ought indeed to be conceal'd.

You.

Thus oracles of old were still receiv'd,
The more ambiguous, still the more believ'd.

I.

But oracles of old were seldom true ;
The devil was in 'em—sure he's not in you.

You.

Thus masqu'd in mysteries does the Godhead stand,
The more obscure the greater his command.

I.

The Godhead's hidden pow'r wou'd soon be past,
Did we not hope to see his face at last.

You.

You are my slave already, sir, you know,
To shew more charms wou'd but increase your woe ;
I scorn an insult to a conquer'd foe.

I.

I am your slave, 'tis true ; but still you see
All slaves by nature struggle to be free.
But if you wou'd secure the stubborn prize,
Add to your wit the fetters of your eyes ;
Then pleas'd with thralldom would I kiss my chain,
And ne'er think more of liberty again.

Sunday, after Sermon.

I Came, I saw, and was conquer'd ; never had man more to say, yet can I say nothing ; where others go to save their souls, there have I lost mine ; but I hope that divinity which has the justest title to its service has receiv'd it, but I will endeavour to suspend those raptures for a moment, and talk calmly.

Nothing upon earth, madam, can charm beyond your wit, but your beauty ; after this not to love you, would proclaim me a fool ; and to say I did when I thought otherwise, would pronounce me a knave : if any body call'd me either, I should repent it ; and if you but think me either, I shall break my heart. You have already, madam, seen enough of me to create a liking or an aversion ; your sense is above your sex, then let your proceeding be so likewise, and tell me plainly what I have to hope for. Were I to consult my merit, my humility would chide any shadow of hope ; but after a sight of such a face, whose whole composition is a smile of good nature, why should I be so unjust as to suspect you of cruelty ? let me either live in London and be happy, or retire again to my desert to check me of my vanity that drew me thence ; but let me beg to receive my sentence from your own mouth, that I may hear you speak, and see you look at the same time ; then let me be unfortunate if I can.

If you are not the lady in mourning
that sat upon my right hand at
Church, you may go to the devil,
for I'm sure you're a witch.

Madam,

IF I han't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my pen, may I never take it up again; my head and my heart have been at cuffs about you these two long hours.—Says my head, you're a coxcomb for troubling your noddle with a lady whose beauty is as much above your pretensions, as your merit is below her love. Then answers my heart, good Mr. Head, you're a blockhead; I know Mr. F——r's merit better than you; as for your part, I know you to be as whimsical as the devil, and changing with every new notion that offers: but for my share, I am fixt, and can stick to my opinion of a lady's merit for ever; and if the fair can secure an interest in me, Monsieur Head you may go whistle. Come, come, (answer'd my Head) you Mr. Heart, are always leading this gentleman into some inconvenience or other; was it not you that first intic'd him to talk to this lady? your damn'd confounded warmth made him like this lady, and your busy impertinence has made him write to her, your leaping and skipping disturbs his sleep by night, and his good humour by day: in short, sir, I will hear no more on't; I am Head, and I will be obey'd—you lie, sir, replied my heart, (being very angry) I am Head in matters of love, and if you don't give your consent, you shall be forced; for I am sure that in this case all the members will be on my side. What say you, gentlemen Hands? oh (says the hands) we would not forego the tickling pleasure of touching a delicious white soft skin for the world.—Well, what say you, Mr. Tongue? sounds, says the linguest, there is more extasy in speaking

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three soft words of Mr. Heart's suggesting than whole orations of Seignor Head's: so I am for the lady, and here's my honest neighbour Lips will stick to't. By the sweet power of kisses that we will, (replied the lips.) And presently some other worthy members standing up for the heart, they laid violent hands (nemine contradicente) upon poor Head, and knocked out his brains. So now, madam, behold me as perfect a lover as any in Christendom, my Heart purely dictating every word I say; the little rebel throws it self into your power, and if you don't support it in the cause it has taken up for your sake, think what will be the condition of the Headless and Heartless,

FARQUHAR.

Monday, twelve o'clock at night.

GIVE me leave to call you, dear madam, and tell you that I am now stepping into bed, and that I speak with as much sincerity as if I were stepping into my grave; sleep is so great an emblem of death, that my words ought to be as real, as if I were sure never to awaken; then may I never again be blest with the light of the sun, and the joys of Wednesday, if you are not as dear to me as my hopes of waking in health to-morrow morning; your charms lead me, my inclinations prompt me, and my reason confirms me,

Madam,

Your faithful, and
Humble servant.

My humble service to the lady
who must be chief mediator
for my happiness.

Madam,

IN order to your ladyship's commands, I have sent you my thoughts upon your too weighty maxims of amorous policy—if we fly they pursue, and enjoyment quenches love: but I shall run a greater hazard of your displeasure by my obedience, than I should by the neglect of your commands; these subjects leading me into more gravity than is well consistent with my own inclinations, or the perusal of a fair lady. But to the business.

To examine rightly how far these female maxims are in force, we must dispose mankind into a division, which I think hitherto has escap'd the Logicians; to wit, the men of idleness and men of business. Under the first branch of which distinction is reducible a great share of the world, and especially that which composes the character of what we call the beau monde; for to make them all of a piece, we must give them a French name too.

The practice of these gentlemen, I must confess, has gone a great way to pass these maxims for authentick, and have sufficiently authoriz'd the ladies to stick so firmly to their principles; but would they consider a little upon what a scurvy foundation these topicks are grounded, they would damn the doctrine for the sake of the adorners.

These idle gentlemen (begging their pardon for so familiar an epithet) should shew the ladies what a difference there is between modish intriguing and true love; for these sparks make intriguing their business, and love only their diversion. They visit their mistress as they go to the park, because it

is the mode; and continue to solicit her favour, not thro' the impulse of passion, but because they have nothing else to do. Some other motives there are to engage these sparks in the pursuit of a fair lady: as for instance; upon the survey of his rent-roll the lover finds two or three thousand a year still unmortgaged, sends down immediately to his steward to screw up his tenants to due payments, and concludes with Money conquers all things: a potent proverb, I must confess, to back his resolution. But here, consider madam, what it is that pursues you; not the gentleman, but fidlers, masquerades, jewellers, glovers, milliners, hir'd poets, with the confused equipage of all their respective trades, the devil a dart of love is in the whole bundle, no more than there is in the straw and oats that keeps a horse for New-Market; here are only two beasts to be back'd one for pleasure, and t'other for profit; I will feed one for the plate, and pamper the other for my own riding.

A second life to his pursuit is his vanity; the beau having received a repulse over night, steps to his glass in the morning, and surveying his charming shape, 'fdeath (says he) why should I despair of success? blood, I'm as pretty a fellow as another, but I think my calves are a little of the largest. Ah, that's it, she did not like my dress yesterday. —Here, boy, reach my blue coat, I'll tie my cravat with a double knot to day, and wear the buckles of my garters behind. Thus while this foppish fancy can invent any particular change or whimsey in his dress, his hopes are nourish'd by an abusive presumption, that the ladies are smitten by such bagatel impertinence. Here indeed, madam, the first maxim, if we fly they pursue, is in force, but upon scurvy terms, for the continuation of such a coxcomb's

address is the greatest satyr upon the sex; and a woman of true sense, rather than be plagu'd with such a follower, if there were no other way, should give him her person to be quit of his company; for here I dare be sworn your second maxim will hold, that enjoyment quenches love: for these gentlemen love as they hunt, for diversion, as I said before; and no sooner is one hare snapt up, but they beat about for another. Besides, madam, 'tis but a modest presumption, that these men of pleasure and idleness must have an ingredient of the fool in their composition, which cannot relish the true and lasting beauties of a fine woman; they cannot make a true estimate of her sense, her constancy, her several little kind and endearing offices, which can only engage the affections of a man that truly understands their value.

This brings into my consideration how far these maxims may be applicable to your corresponding with the latter part of the distinction, which I called the men of business; by which I understand men of sense, learning and experience, and call them men of business, because I would exclude a parcel of flashy, noisy, rhiming, atheistical gentlemen, who arrogate to themselves the title of wit and sense, for no other cause but the abuse of it. Such must be ranked with the first sort of lovers, for they are the idlest of mankind: neither do I confine the character of a man of business to the law, the church, the court, trade, or any particular employment; I intend it a farther latitude, and inclusive of all those, who deriding the fop, and detesting the debauchee, have laid down to themselves some certain scheme of study, in any lawful art or science, for the benefit of the publick, or their own private improvement.

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Upon this foundation we may rationally conclude the actions of such men to flow directly from the operations of their reason. But here, madam, without doubt the ladies will interrupt me.—Hold, sir, (say they) we absolutely deny that love and reason are consistent; from which it follows that your men of business have no business here.

I am very sorry, madam, in the first place, that the qualification which must recommend a man to a fair lady, must debase him so near the level of a brute, and deprive him of that divine stamp by which he is distinguish'd from the beasts of the field. What an affront is this to your sex, that one must no sooner begin to admire a woman but he must cease to be a man; and that the glory which a lady receives by the plurality of her adorers should depend only upon the esteem of so many irrational creatures! No, no, madam, I am too much a courtier, to let this vulgar calumny and severe reflection upon your sex pass unexamined.

I shall therefore make bold to say, that this very opinion touching the inconsistency of love with reason, has cost the fair-sex more tears, and have subjected men to more curses, than the worst circumstances of falsehood and perjury; for depending upon this principle of the ladies, the greatest rascals have appeared the most passionate lovers, because the greatest knaves make the best fools, and the most usual cloak for natural villainy is an artificial simplicity.

But granting such follies and absurdities to the results of a real passion, such love ought not to gain one grain the more weight in the balance of true sense; for if the lover be a fool, this extravagance is but what is natural to his temper, and exposes it self as wildly in the effects of his other ordinary passions, as in anger, fear, joy, grief, and the like,

and must not properly be called the strength of his love, but the weakness of his reason; and the same pitch of passion that may make a Witall appear lunatick, would scarcely be discernible in a Dorimant. But if the force of love raise a man of true sense to the pitch of playing the fool, 'tis then, if not more ridiculous, at least much more dangerous in the consequence; for be assur'd, madam, that the bent of his desire must be too violent to last long, and when once it begins to decline, 'twill prove as violent in the fall as in the rise; and the constant result of a sober reflection, is the hatred and detestation of any thing that had made him guilty of extravagance, and debased him below the dignity of his reason; and there is no medium in this case between the extravagant lover and the inveterate enemy.

But begging your ladyship's pardon for this digression, I shall return to my man of business, and see how far your principle, "if we fly they pursue," is applicable to a person this character.

To the examination of this point, 'twill not be amiss to consider the several paces and proceedings of such a lover in his amour. A man of business and study has his thoughts too round and compact within himself, to have his fancy sallying out upon the appearance of every beauty that his daily conversation may throw in his way; but if once it lights upon that fair, which can rouse him from his indifference, raising a pleasure in his eyes when she's present, and an uneasiness in his heart in her absence, 'tis no imprudence to indulge the thought. Love (he considers) is a blessing; and since it depends so much upon a sympathy of natures, why mayn't I expect that the fair creature, who has rais'd such emotions in me, may in time, perhaps, be

brought to have a mutual concern upon her ? the happiness that I may expect from her love, if her other qualities be proportionable to her beauty, will infinitely reward the pains of my enquiring into her life and conversation. Here is the foundation of love fairly laid ; and now my gentleman goes to work upon the structure : he first enquires into the lady's character, but that as a man of sense ought to do, without trusting the malice of some that may be her enemies, nor yet consulting the partiality of her friends. His reason may make a tolerable good ballance between both ; and if perhaps some slip in her conduct has made the scale of her accusation the heaviest, he has some grains of love to throw into the other to counterpoise it. His next business is to gain admittance to her company ; here he may find a thousand beauties to augment, or as many failings perhaps to destroy his passion ; and to his examination he must refer his judgment upon the different characters he might have heard of her before ; for no reasonable man will peremptorily conclude from the mouth of common fame---'tis a notorious liar, and generally in extremes. If he believes it to the lady's prejudice, he may wrong her innocence past redress ; and if he trusts flying report in her favour, he may be impos'd upon himself : for the vulgar (by which I mean the lac'd coat as well as the hob-nail) cannot enter into the nice secrets of female behaviour ; they sometimes mistake levity for freedom, ill humour for gravity, noise and tattle for wit and sense : sometimes they change hands, and call an air of good breeding coquetry ; they brand affability and good nature with the name of looseness ; and, in short, there can be no such thing as a woman in their estimate, all must be angels, or all devils.

Now my lover shall find out all these distinctions; he shall, in spite of dissimulation, search to the very bottom, and discover the least paint upon the mind, as he does that upon the face. Having found the lady's temper conformable to his own, or being at least assar'd, that he can frame his own humour to square with hers; having known her sense and understanding sufficient for a prudent conduct, at least pliable to good advice, he stands fix'd in his resolution, and resolv'd upon his affection.

Thus the beautiful edifice of love is gradually and firmly rais'd, whereof reason is still the corner-stone; nor like the trifling pomp of a fop's preparation, which like a lord-mayor's pageant is built in a night, glitters, and is gaz'd at for a day, and the next dwindles into nothing. The building thus finish'd, the next business is to invite the fair guest; 'tis impossible to confine the rules of his address to any particular observation, because they may be so diversify'd by the circumstances of the lover, the accidents of time, place, or according to some humours and inclinations, in the lady's temper, which last have always prov'd the most effectual means of gaining a heart. If the lady's disposition be inclinable to gaiety, he makes the muses speak a good word for him; he can dispense in an evening with a very dull play, to have the pleasure of acting the lover himself; nay, he can comply so far as to commend a very dull thing, if his mistress is pleas'd to approve it; he can take a turn in the Mall with his hat off, tho' the weather be very cold, and join with her in railing at my lord such-a-one, or mistress such-a-one, tho' perhaps he understands the quarrel to be no more than a pique, or a piece of malice. If the lady's temper be more grave and sedate, he can sit an hour

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or two condemning the vices of the town, and extolling the pleasures of a country life; nay, sometimes perhaps he may have a fling at the government, and be a little jacobitish to please her; he can wait on her to church, and hear a levite thump dust and nonsense out of a pulpit cushion for an hour, and call it an excellent sermon, to humour her approbation, with a thousand other little foolish fancies, which because they are not very hurtful in themselves, and that custom has brought them into play, must be born with upon this occasion; and when all is done, ceremony looks as decently in love, as in religion; and a clown in an intrigue makes as awkward a figure as a quaker in church. Our lover therefore writes, visits, sighs, declares his passion with all demonstrations of submission and sincerity; all which is often repeated to save the lady's modesty, and to sooth a little pleasing vanity incident to the female sex of seeing themselves admir'd. He is satisfy'd also that the world should know it, and submits to the censure of a whining coxcomb, to favour the lady's yielding by the plausible excuse of a hard siege; but if after all this he finds his pretensions to no purpose, your maxim, madam, if we fly, &c. will not be of force to detain him longer; he has the same thread of reason to guide him out of the labyrinth that led him in; he has not perhaps the same supports to his hope, that every glittering spark with a coach and six can pretend; but were his fortune ever so considerable, he wou'd not affront the lady's honour, nor his own judgment so far, as to suppose her of a mercenary temper; neither can he imagine that the charming fair, whose sense he has so much admir'd, shou'd be captivated with the tying of his cravat, or the fancy of his snuff-box. No, no, he is rather convinc'd, that there is

something disagreeable to the lady in his person, behaviour, or conversation, which being a defect of nature, or education, he must patiently submit to, without cutting his throat; and he's the more willing to take up with his failings, because time may perhaps produce some other lady that may value him upon these very circumstances that made the first disdain him; so that in spite of your celebrated maxim, he betakes himself to his business, has the good manners to free the lady from his impertinence, and the prudence to disengage himself of the trouble. Neither is he much distress'd to withdraw his affections; for as the prospect of happiness was the first foundation of his love, so the progress of his passion must have been nourish'd with favours to keep it alive, and as naturally without this fuel will the fire go out of itself.

I have already, madam, so far transgressed the bounds of a billet-doux, that I'm afraid to meddle with your second maxim: but give me a moment's patience, madam, and I'll make quick work with---enjoyment quenches love: One smile, madam, and I take my leave. What a strange and unaccountable madness wou'd it appear in a subject of England, a gentleman that enjoys peace and plenty, ease and luxury, if he, discontented with his happy state, shou'd raise a combustion in his country, turn ambitious rebel, make a party against his prince, and by force and treachery lay hold upon the government, and all this for the bare pleasure of being call'd king. I can assure you, madam, did the pleasure of a monarch consist in nothing more than being plac'd in a throne with a crown upon his head, and the sceptre in his hands, we should have the upstart prince use his government as a fool does a fair lady after enjoy-

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ment; he wou'd soon be cloy'd with his desire, and uneasy till he got quit of it. But if our Noll understood the policy of government, the many glories that attend a crown, the pomp of dependencies, the sweets of absolute power, with the many delights and joys that attend his royalty, he would maintain his station to the last drop of blood. This is easily applicable to a man of sense gaining the crown of beauty, he can judge the charms of his possession, and values enjoyment only as the title to his greater pleasures; there are a thousand Cupids attending the throne of love, all which have their several pretty offices and serviceable duties to exhilarate their master's joy, and contribute to his constant diversion, if he but understands how to employ them.

How far, madam, I have recommended to you the addresses of an ingenious man I dare not determine; but I'm afraid I have said so much against the passion of fools, I have ruin'd my own interest; tho' you can't reckon me among the idle part of men, being so happily employed this morning by the commands of so fair a lady.

Your ladyship's most humble servant.

Friday night, 11 o'clock.

IF you find no more rest in your thoughts in bed than I do, I cou'd wish you, madam, to be always there, for there I am most in love. I went to the play this evening, and the musick rais'd my soul to such a pitch of passion that I was almost mad with melancholy. I flew thence to Spring Garden, where with envious eyes I saw every man pick up his mate, whilst I alone walked like solitary Adam

before the creation of his Eve ; but the place was no paradise to me ; nothing I found entertaining but the nightingale, which methought in sweet notes, like your own, pronounced the name of my dear Penelope—as the fool thinketh, the bell clinketh. From hence I retir'd to the tavern, where methought the shining glass represented your fair person, and the sparkling wine within it look'd like your lively wit and spirit ; I met my dear mistress in every thing, and I propose presently to see her in a lively dream, since the last thing I do, is to kiss her dear letter, clasp her charming idea in my arms, and so fall fast asleep.

My morning songs, my ev'ning prayers,
My daily musings, nightly cares,

Adieu.

HERE am I drinking, madam, at the sign of the globe ; and it shall go hard but I make the voyage of old Sir Drake by to-morrow morning : we have a fresh gale and a round sea ; for here is very good company and excellent wine ; from the orb in the sign, I will step to the globe of the moon, thence make the tour of all the planets, and fix in the constellation of Venus. You see, madam, I am elevated already. Here's a gentleman tho', who swears he loves his mistress better than I do mine, but if I don't make him so drunk that he shall disgorge his opinion, may I never drink your health again ; the generous wine scorns to lie upon a traitor's stomach, 'tis poison to him that profanes, society by being a rogue in his cups. I wish, dear madam with all my heart that you saw me in my present circumstances, you would certainly fall in love with me, for I am not my self ; I am now the pleasantest foolish fellow that

ever gain'd a lady's heart, and a glass or two more will fill me with such variety of impertinence, that I cannot fail to pass for agreeable. You, drawer, bring me a plate of ice—ha! how the wine whizzes upon my heart, Cupid is forging his love darts in my belly—ice, you dog, ice—the son of a whore has brought me anchovies. Well! this is a vexatious world, I wish I were fairly out of it, and happy in Heaven, I mean your dear arms; which is the constant prayer of your humble servant, drunk or sober.

I design to-morrow in the afternoon
to beg your pardon for all the ill
manners of my debauch; and
make my self as great as an
emperor by inviting your lady-
ship to the entertainment of
Dioclesian,

IN pursuance to your order, madam, I have sent you here inclos'd my picture; and I challenge Vandike or Kneller to draw more to the life. You are the first person that ever had it, and if I had not some thoughts that the substance would fall to your share, I would not part with my likeness. I hope the colours will never fade, tho' you may give me some hints where to mend the features, having so much power to correct the life.

The Picture.

MY outside is neither better nor worse than my Creator made it, and the piece being drawn by so great an artist, 'twere presumption to say there were many strokes

amifs. I have a body qualify'd to answer all the ends of its creation, and that's fufficient.

As to the mind, which in most men wears as many changes as their body, so in me 'tis generally drest like my person, in black. Melancholy is its every day apparel; and it has hitherto found few holidays to make it change its clothes. In short, my constitution is very splenetick, and yet very amorous; both which I endeavour to hide, lest the former should offend others, and that the latter might incommode my self. And my reason is so vigilant in restraining these two failings, that I am taken for an easy-natur'd man with my own sex, and an ill-natured clown by yours.

'Tis true, I am very sparing in my praises and compliments to a lady, out of a fear that they may affect my self more than her. For the idols that we worship are generally of our own making; and though at first men may not speak what they think, yet truth may catch them on t'other hand, and make them think what they speak. But most of all am I cautious of promising, especially upon that weighty article of constancy; because in the first place, I have never try'd the strength of it in my own experience; and, secondly, I suppose a man can no more engage for his constancy than for his health, since I believe they both equally depend upon a certain constitution of body; and how far, and how frequently that may be liable to alteration, especially in affairs of love, let the more judicious determine.

But so far a man may promise, that if he find not his passion groundd on a false foundation, and that he have a continuance of the same sincerity, truth and love to engage him; that then his reason, his honour, and his gratitude

may prove too strong for all changes of temper and inclination.

I am a very great epicure, for which reason I hate all pleasure that's purchased by excess of pain. I am quite different from the opinion of men that value what's dearly bought; long expectation makes the blessing always less to me, for by often thinking of the future joy, I make the idea of it familiar to me, and so I lose the great transport of surprise; 'tis keeping the springs of desire so long upon the rack, till at last they grow loose and enervate: besides, any one of a creative fancy, by a duration of thoughts, will be apt to frame too great an idea of the object, and so make the greater part of his hopes end in a disappointment.

I am seldom troubled with what the world calls airs and caprices; and I think it an idiot's excuse for a foolish action, to say 'twas my humour. I hate all little malicious tricks of vexing people, for trifles, or teizing them with frightful stories, malicious lies, stealing lap-dogs, tearing fans, breaking china, or the like; I can't relish the jest that vexes another in earnest; in short, if ever I do a wilful injury, it must be a very great one.

I am often melancholy, but seldom angry; for which reason I can be severe in my resentment, without injuring my self: I think it the worst office to my nature, to make my self uneasy for what another should be punish'd.

I am easily deceiv'd, but then I never fail at last to find out the cheat; my love of pleasure and sedateness makes me very secure, and the same reason makes me very diligent when I am alarm'd.

I have so naturally a propensity to ease, that I cannot cheerfully fix to my study, which bears not a pleasure in

the application, which makes me inclinable to poetry above any thing else.

I have very little estate, but what lies under the circumference of my hat; and should I by mischance come to lose my head, I should not be worth a groat; but I ought to thank Providence that I can by three hours study live one and twenty with satisfaction to my self, and contribute to the maintenance of more families than some who have thousands a year.

I have something in my outward behaviour, which gives strangers a worse opinion of me than I deserve; but I am more than recompens'd by the opinion of my acquaintance, which is as much above my desert.

I have many acquaintances, very few intimates, but no friend, I mean in the old romantick way; I have no secret so weighty, but what I can bear in my own breast; nor any duels to fight, but what I may engage in without a second; nor can I love after the old romantick discipline. I would have my passion, if not led, yet at least waited on by my reason; and the greatest proof of my affection that a lady must expect is this: I would run any hazard to make us both happy, but would not for any transitory pleasure make either of us miserable.

If ever, madam, you come to know the life of this piece as well as he that drew it, you will conclude that I need not subscribe my name to the picture.

WELL! Mrs. V—— and my charming Penelope are to lie together to-night; what would I give to be a mouse (God bless us) behind the hangings to hear the chat; you don't know, madam, but my genius which always at-

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tends you, may overhear your discourse; therefore not one word of George. I'm resolv'd to have a friend to lie with me to-night, that I may quit scores with you; and it shall go hard but I prove as kind to my companion as you are to yours; though I must confess, that I had rather be in Mrs. V——'s place, with all the little pillows about me, or in that of Monsieur Adonis upon the chair.

My rival is a dog of parts,
That captivates the ladies hearts;
And yet by Jove (I scorn to forge)
Adonis self must yield to George.
I am a dog as well as he,
Can fawn upon a lady's knee;
My ears as long, and I can bark,
To guard my Mistress in the dark:
I han't four legs, that's no hard sentence,
For I can paw, and scrape acquaintance.
I am a dog that admires you,
And I'm a dog if this ben't true;
And if Adonis does outrival me,
Then I'm a greater son of a bitch than he.
Reach my waistcoat—but ne'er trouble it,
I am already a dog in a doublet.

Was ever such a poetical puppy seen? but when my mistress is sick, 'tis then dog-days with me, tho' 'tis but a cur's trick, I must confess; but I would be content to bark at this rate all my life, so that I might hunt away all rats and mice from my fair angel, whose fearful temper is

the only mark of mortality about her. The remembrance of the water-rat last night has inspir'd me with the following lines.

Fair Rosamond did little think,
Her crystal pond should turn a sink
To harbour vermin that might swim,
And frighten beauties from the brim.
Henceforth, detested pond, no more
Shall beauties crown your verdant shore;
Your waves so fam'd for am'rous league,
Are now turn'd ratsbane to intrigue.

Now good-morrow, my fair creature, and let
me know how you are recover'd from your
fright.

WHY should I write to my dearest Penelope, when I only trouble her with reading what she won't believe? I have told my passion, my eyes have spoke it, my tongue pronounced it, and my pen declared it; I have sigh'd it, swore it, and subscribed it; now my heart is full of you, my head raves of you, and my hand writes to you, but all in vain. If you think me a dissembler, use me generously like a villain, and discard me for ever; but if you will be so just to my passion, as to believe it sincere, tell me so, and make me happy; 'tis but justice, madam, to do one or t'other.

Your indisposition last night, when I left you, put me into such disorder, that not finding a coach, I miss'd my way, and never minded whither I wander'd, 'till I found my self close by Tyburn. When blind love guides, who

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can forbear going astray ; instead of laughing at my self, I fell to pitying poor Mr. F———r, who, whilst he rovd abroad among the whole sex, was never out of his way ; and now by a single She was led to the gallows. From the thoughts of hanging, I naturally entered upon those of matrimony : I considered how many gentlemen have taken a handsome swing, to avoid some inward disquiets ; then why should not I hazard the noose, to ease me of my torment ? then I considered, whether I should send for the ordinary of Newgate, or the parson of St. Ann's ; but considering myself better prepared for dying in a fair lady's arms ; than on the three-leg'd tree, I was the most inclinable to the parish-priest : besides, if I dy'd in a fair lady's arms, I should have the most beautiful tomb in the universe. You may imagine, madam, that these thoughts of mortality were very melancholy ; but who could avoid the thoughts of death when you were sick ? and if your health be not dearer to me than my own, may the next news I hear be your death, which would be as great a hell, as your life and welfare is a Heaven to the most amorous of his sex.

Pray let me know in a line, whether you are better or worse, whether I am honest or a knave, and whether I shall live or die.

I CAN no more let a day pass without seeing or writing to my dear Penelope, than I can sleep a minute without thinking of her. I know no body can lay a juster claim to the account of my hours than she who has so indisputable a title to my service ; and I can no more keep the discovery of my faults from you, than from my own conscience ; be-

cause you compose so great a part of my devotion. Let me therefore confess to my dearest angel, how last night I saunter'd to the Fountain, where some friends waited for me; one of 'em was a parson, who preaches over any thing but his glass: had not his company and Sunday night sanctify'd the debauch, I should be very fit for repentance this morning: the searching wine has sprung the rheumatism in my right hand, my head akes, my stomach pukes; I dream'd all this morning of fire, and wak'd in a flame: to compleat my misery, I must let you know all this; and make you angry with me. I design tho' this afternoon to repair to St. Ann's prayers, to beg absolution of my Creator and my mistress; if he throve merciful, I'll put on the resolution of amending my life, to fit me for the joys of Heaven and you.

Dear Madam,

NOW I write with my aking hand the dictates of my aking heart; my body and my soul are of a piece; both uneasy for want of my dear Penelope. Excuse me, madam, for troubling you with my distemper; but my hand is so ill, that it can write nothing else, because it can go no farther.

Misfortunes always lay hold on me, when I forsake my love, or fall short of my duty; your coach was full, and Mr. C——r was vanish'd, so I had no pretence left to avoid some sober friends, that would haul me into a cellar to drink cyder; a dark, chilly, confounded hole, fit only for treason and tobacco. Being warm with the

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throne of the play-house, I unadvisedly threw off my wig; the rawness of this cursed place, with the coldness of our tipple, has seized upon me so violently, that I am afraid I shan't recover it in a trice; I have got such a pain in my jaws, that I shan't be able to eat a bit: so now, madam, I must either live upon love or starve. For Heav'n's sake then, dear madam, send me a little subsistence; let not a hungry wretch perish for want of an alms; your charity, for the Lord's sake. Kind words is all I crave; and the most uncharitable prelate will afford a beggar his blessing. —Pity my condition, fair charmer, I have got a cold without, and a fire within, love and cyder do not agree; so I'll have no more cellars. If you don't send me some comfort in my afflictions, expect to have a note to this purpose. —Be pleased to accompany the corps of an unfortunate lover, who died of an aking chaps; and a broken heart.

YOUR verses, madam, I have read, scan'd; and consider'd over and over; I must still complain of the difficulty of your characters; but your sense is like a rich mine, hard to come at, but when found, an infinite treasure. I wou'd answer you in verse, but for the reason that follows:

Of all the specious wiles and formal arts,
 Us'd by our young intriguing men of parts,
 None can their ignorance in love express
 So much, as whining words in fawning verse.

The nymph, whose softer breast soft numbers gain
Must have a soul celestially serene,
Seraphically bright, and sparkling as her mien.
But women now that character disown,
They are all mortal, very mortal grown ;
By verse was beauty's empire first ordain'd,
And stubborn man to love by verse was chain'd.
Verse gave to love his quiver and his bow,
Nay, ev'n from verse he had his God-head too.
And now ungrateful beauty scorns that aid,
By which its greatest triumphs first were made.
A sordid blockhead, with an empty scull,
Shall have access, because his pocket's full.
Curse on thee, gold—why charmer, tell me why
Shou'd that which buys a horse, bright beauty buy ?
O cou'd I find (grant Heav'n that once I may)
A nymph fair, kind, poetical and gay ;
Whose love shou'd blaze, unfully'd, and divine,
Lighted at first by the bright lamp of mine ;
Free as a mistress, faithful as a wife,
And one that lov'd a fiddle as her life ;
Free from all sordid ends, from int'rest free,
For my own sake affecting only me :
What a blest union shou'd our souls combine !
I hers alone, and she be only mine.
Free generous favours shou'd our flames express,
I'd write for love, and she shou'd love for verse.
In deathless numbers shou'd my fair one shine,
Her love, her charms shou'd blazon every line,
And the whole page be like her self divine.

Not Sacharissa's self, great Waller's fair,
Shou'd for an endless name with mine compare ;
My lines shou'd run so high, the world shou'd see
I sung of her, and she inspir'd me.
Vain are thy wishes, wretched Damon, vain,
Thy verse can only serve thee to complain :
Wealth makes the bargain, love's become a trade ;
Blind love is now by blinder fortune led.
Who then wou'd sing, or sacred numbers boast,
Since love, the just reward of verse is lost ?
Of the soft sex why were the muses made,
If in soft love they can't afford us aid ?
No, Cupid, no, you have deceiv'd too long,
My muse and love have ever done me wrong ;
Farewel, ungrateful love, farewel ungrateful song.

You see, madam, that my rhyme has argued me out of love ; but I'm violently suspicious that my reason will convince me, that I am still as much your captive, as ever ; for I have the greatest inclination in the world to intreat the favour of meeting your ladyship in the Park to-morrow by six. If you tarry till seven, you may find me at the end of the lovers walk, hanging upon one of the trees, which will be the readiest way for ought I see, to bring our amour to a conclusion. I am an impudent fellow ; that's to prevent your reflection upon my presuming to appoint you a place of affliction.

IF any thing should come to your hands, madam, that I writ last night, I humbly beg that you wou'd pardon its impertinence; for I was so fuddled, that I hardly remember whether I writ or not. You'll think perhaps that my excuse needs as much an apology as my fault; but you ought to forgive me, when I assure you, that I shall never forgive my self. I have vowed this morning never to taste wine till I can recover that opportunity of seeing you, that wine made me lose. I went to the Royal Exchange at two, and stayed in the city till twelve at night; I dined with Mr. B——x who (by the way) is a pretty gentleman, but has a confounded wife; such stories have I heard of her persecution, and his long-suffering, that he deserves to go to Heaven, and she to hell for sending him; and so much for a citizen's wife. I come now from Mr. Dryden's funeral, where we had an ode in Horace sung, instead of David's psalms; whence you may find, that we don't think a poet worth christian burial: the pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for Hudibras than him, because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque; but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion; for I do believe there was never such another burial seen. The oration indeed was great and ingenious, worthy the subject, and like the author, whose prescriptions can restore the living, and his pen embal the dead. And so much for Mr. Dryden, whose burial was the same with his life; variety and not of a piece. The quality and mob, farce and

heroicks; the sublime and ridicule mixt in a piece, great Cleopatra in a hackney-coach.

And now, madam, for the application; let us consider, that we are all mortal, that neither wit can protect a man, nor beauty a woman from the impertinence of a burial: there is but one way, let us join our forces to disappoint it, as thus: beauty causes love, love inspires poetry, and poetry makes wit immortal: so in return, wit is fired with gratitude, that extols your charms, and so makes beauty immortal. Now, madam, if your beauty can make as mad work in my head as it has in my heart, I will shew the world such a copy of your countenance, that you shall be as fair a hundred years hence, as you are at this instant; all the worms in the church-yard shall not have power to touch one feature in your face; and for my part, if I am not more a poet a hundred years hence than I am now, I'll be damn'd. And I can assure you, that Mr. Dryden had never died, had he not grown too old to please the ladies; and if that be my case already, the Lord have mercy upon me.

YOUR strange and unexpected declaration of your unkind thoughts of me, has cast a damp upon my spirits that will break out either in melancholy or rage: I wish it prove the latter, for then I shall destroy myself the shorter way; in the fervency of my passion, and diligence of courtship, which has alarmed part of the world. To be accused of coldness and neglect is——but I'll say no more upon that subject, 'tis too warm; and if I touch it, will set me in a blaze. I remember the cause of my uneasiness t'other day, and I remember that cause was repeated last night; and in short, I remember a thousand things that make me

mad, and since you have taken so opportune a time of telling me of the coldness of my love; give me leave to tell you, that my passion is so violent, that 'twill give me cause to curse your whole sex; nay, even you, tho' at the same time I could stab my self for the expression; now, madam, I'll endeavour to sleep, for I han't closed my eyes since I saw you.

Hague, October 23, New Style.

THIS is the second post, dear madam, since I have heard from you, which makes me apprehensive that you are not well, or that you have forgot the person whose health and welfare so intirely depends upon yours. I am proud to say, that all my words, my letters and endeavours, have unfeignedly run upon the strain of the most real passion that ever posselt the breast of man; and if, after all this, they should all prove vain, I leave you to judge how poor an opinion I should have of my understanding, which must be a very mortifying thought for a person who is very unwilling to pass for a fool. 'Tis true, I have laid out all the little sense I had in your service, and if it should be cast away, I should turn bankrupt in my understanding, and run stark mad upon the loss. For God's sake, madam, let me know what I have to trust to, that I may once more set up for a man of some parts, or else run away from my senses as fast as I can; my thoughts begin to be very severe creditors, and I am perfectly tired of their company. The king came hither last night about eleven from Loo; and if the weather prove fair, designs for England next Wednesday. Providence has designed my staying so long, out of its great

mercy to secure me from the violence of a terrible storm, which lasted here this fortnight past, to that degree, that Holland is no more at present than a great leaky man of war, tossing on the ocean, and mariners are forced to pump night and day to keep the vessel above water. I can assure you, without a jest, that the cellars and canals have frequent communication, and happy is he that can lodge in a garret: There are fellows planted on all the steeples, with a considerable reward to him that can make the first land, tho' they had more need to look out for a rainbow; for without that I shall believe that God Almighty, in his articles with Noah after the flood, has excluded the Dutch out of the treaty: I have transcribed your letter to my Lord A——le, and will consult with Captain L——oe about your affairs, whether it be proper to mention matters now, or defer it till we come over: My Lord West——nd treated us yesterday with a pot of English venison sent him by his mother. But never was poor Buck so devoured by hungry hounds; we hunted him down with excellent Burgundy——could this place afford us good toasts as it does wine, 'twere a paradise. But we made shift to call you all over, every beauty in London, from the D——s of G——n to M. B——le; and when we got drunk we toasted the Dutch ladies; and by the time we got thro' the whole assembly, we were grown as dull and sottish as if we had lain with them. You must pardon my breeding, madam, and consider, where I am; but I do blush a little, and can't say a word more, but that I am,

Madam,

Your faithful and most h——

I Receiv'd your letter, madam, with the strange relation of your being robbed: I can't tell whether my grief or amazement was greatest; it suspended the pain of the rheumatism for some hours, tho' I gained little by that, for it only gave place to a greater. All the consolation I can afford in your sorrow, is, that you have a companion in your afflictions that sympathizes in every particular of your grief. I consider my self a lady robbed of my fine things, stripp'd of my best clothes, and what is worse, of all my pretty trinkets, that have cost me some years in purchasing: tho' this be the greatest misfortune a fine lady can sustain, yet I am still more troubled at the manner of the action, than at the greatness of my loss, that in a house so well peopled as mine, in an hour so early, when all the world was awake, that all my good stars should then be asleep, is very provoking.

By this, madam, you may judge, whether my heart be not turned to the very same notes of sorrow with yours; and as I have the same reasons of my grief, so perhaps I shall agree with your ladyship as to the thoughts which may afford you most consolation.

Religion teaches me, that nothing in this world is properly our own, but borrow'd; and since I am obliged to resign even my very life without murmuring, when he that lent it is pleased to recal it, why should I repine at parting with things of so much less importance? But to comfort my self after a more worldly manner; I consider that my clothes had been worn out in a year or two, that my fine things had been out of fashion in a year or two more; so

that I have only lost the use of those things which four or five years would have robbed me of, without breaking a lock, or opening a window. Besides, another thing which gives me no small comfort, is, a reflection on the mercies of Providence in matters of greater moment, as in relation to my life, my honour, &c. one instance of which is pretty fresh in my memory. I recollect that some few months ago I was in a foreign country, far from my relations to comfort me, or friends to assist me; a stranger to the place, more to the language; like a child among savage beasts: I had no companion but a brute more savage than they, who betray'd me into the hands of a villain, that would have ruined me past redemption, had not Providence sent a gentleman to my rescue, who is now at Richmond dying for love of me. This deliverance, I think may make sufficient amends for the present loss.

Now, madam, that I have guessed at your thoughts upon the matter, give me leave to present you with my own sentiments upon this affair. And in the first place, I think that if the rogues had stripp'd you of all that you enjoy in the world, even the white covering to your fair nakedness, I would catch you in my arms before any Dutchess in Christendom set out in brocade and jewels.

I think, secondly, that a lady without a husband lies very much exposed to all the abuses from the rude world; that the weakness of their constitution is a sufficient proof, that their Maker designed man for their guard. Now if a lady will neglect the protection which Providence has designed her, when there is one that begs so very earnestly, and has so long solicited for the honour of the place, 'tis but just, I think, that she meet with some small rubs to mind her of

her insufficiency. I know, madam, that your ladyship has a very good and worthy gentleman very near you, one who is both a friend and a father to you; but yet a husband is still the best Guard-du-Corps, and there are some privileges annex'd to his place, which would make rogues more cautious how they invaded your bed-chamber. In the third place, madam, give me leave to ask you one question: Don't you think this thief that robbed you to be a very barbarous fellow? And would you not be very severe upon him, if he were taken? Most certainly you would. Then what must I think of a person that has robb'd me of a jewel much more precious than any they have taken from you, I mean, my ease and quiet? A little thief has stole my heart out of my very breast; the loss of which has cost me more sighs and uneasiness than all the wealth in the world could have done. I have pursued this charming bandit from place to place, from town to country, from kingdom to kingdom, yet all in vain—I beg you now, madam, to consider this, and be not too severe upon the poor rogues, tho' they should be taken.

This is the first service my hand has done me since I left London; and were not the air too piercing for me to venture abroad after so much bleeding, I would have told you all this personally; but happen what will, three or four days shall be the utmost confinement I can lay upon my desire of waiting on you; and that you have been so long releas'd from my company, you are more beholden to the force of my illness, than the strength of my resolution, which is always too weak to encounter the passion of,

Madam,

Your most sincere and humble servant.

Madam,

TIS a sad misfortune to begin a letter with an Adieu ; but when my love is cross'd, 'tis no wonder that my writing should be revers'd. I would beg your pardon for the other offences of this nature which I have committed, but that I have so little reason to judge favourably of your mercy ; tho' I can assure you, madam, that I shall never excuse my self my own share of the trouble, no more than I can pardon my self the vanity of attempting your charms, so much above the reach of my pretensions, and which are reserv'd for some worthy admirers. If there be that man upon earth that can merit your esteem, I pity him ; for an obligation too great for a return, must to any generous soul be very uneasy ; tho' still I envy his misery.

May you be as happy, madam, in the enjoyment of your desires, as I am miserable in the disappointment of mine ; and as the greatest blessing of your life, may the person you admire, love you as sincerely and as passionately, as he whom you scorn.

A
D I S C O U R S E
U P O N
C O M E D Y,
In Reference to the
E N G L I S H S T A G E.

In a LETTER to a Friend,

WITH submission, sir, my performances in the practical part of poetry, is no sufficient warrant for your pressing me in the speculative; I have no foundation for a legislator; and the two or three little Plays I have written, are cast carelessly into the world, without any bulk of preface, because I was not so learned in the laws, as to move in defence of a bad cause; why then should a compliment go farther with me, than my own interest? Don't mistake me, sir, here is nothing that could make for my advantage in either preface or dedication; no speculative curiosities nor

critical remarks, only some present sentiments which hazard, not study, brings into my head, without any preliminary method or cogitation.

Among the many disadvantages attending poetry, none seems to bear a greater weight, than that so many set up for judges, when so very few understand a tittle of the matter. Most of our other arts and sciences bear an awful distance in their prospect, or with a bold and glittering varnish dazzle the eyes of the weak-sighted vulgar: The Divine stands wrapt up in his cloud of mysteries, and the amused laity must pay tythes and veneration to be kept in obscurity, grounding their hopes of future knowledge, on a competent stock of present ignorance; (in the greater part of the christian world this is plain.) With what deference and resignation does the bubbled Client commit his fees and cause into the clutches of the law, where assurance beards justice by proscription, and the wrong side is never known to make its patron blush. Physick and logick are so strongly fortified by their impregnable terms of art, and the Mathematician lies so cunningly intrench'd within his lines and circles, that none but those of their party dare peep into their puzzling designs.

Thus the generality of mankind is held at a gazing distance, whose ignorance not presuming perhaps to an open applause, is yet satisfied to pay a blind veneration to the very faults of what they don't understand.

Poetry alone, and chiefly the drama, lies open to the insults of all pretenders; she was one of nature's eldest offsprings, whence by her birthright, and plain simplicity, she pleads a genuine likeness to her mother; born in the innocence of time, she provided not against the assaults of sue-

ceeding ages; and, depending altogether on the generous end of her invention, neglected those secret supports and serpentine devices used by other arts, that wind themselves into practice for more subtle and politic designs: Naked she came into the world; and 'tis to be feared, like its professors, will go naked out.

'Tis a wonderful thing, that most men seem to have a great veneration for Poetry, yet will hardly allow a favourable word to any piece of it that they meet: like your Virtuoso's in friendship, that are so ravished with the notional nicety of the virtue, that they can find no person worth their intimate acquaintance. The favour of being whipt at school for Martial's Epigrams, or Ovid's Epistles, is sufficient privilege for turning pedagogue, and lashing all their successors; and it would seem by the fury of their correction, that the ends of the rod were still in their buttocks. The scholar calls upon us for decorums and oeconomy; the courtier cries out for wit, and purity of style; the citizen for humour and ridicule; the Divines threaten us for immorality; and the ladies will have an intrigue. Now here are a multitude of criticks, whereof the twentieth person only has read *Quæ* genus; and yet every one is a critick after his own way; that is, such a Play is best, because I like it. A very familiar argument, methinks, to prove the excellence of a Play, and to which an author would be very unwilling to appeal for his success! yet such is the unfortunate state of Dramatick Poetry, that it must submit to such judgments; and by the censure or approbation of such variety, it must either stand or fall. But what salvo, what redress for this inconvenience? Why, without all dispute, an author must

endeavour to pleasure that part of the audience, who can lay the best claim to a judicious and impartial reflection. But before he begins, let him well consider to what division that claim does most properly belong. The scholar will be very angry at me for making that the subject of a question; which is self-evident without any dispute; for, says he, who can pretend to understand poetry better than we, who have read Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c. at the University? What knowledge can out-strip ours that is founded upon the criticisms of Aristotle, Scaliger, Vossius, and the like? We are the better sort, and therefore may claim this as a due compliment to our learning; and if a poet can please us, who are the nice and severe critics, he cannot fail to bring in the rest of an inferior rank.

I should be very proud to own my veneration for learning, and to acknowledge any compliment due to the better sort upon that foundation; but I'm afraid the learning of the better sort is not confined to College studies; for there is such a thing as reason without syllogism, knowledge without Aristotle, and languages besides Greek and Latin: We shall likewise find in the court and city several degrees, superior to those at commencements. From all which I must beg the scholar's pardon, for not paying him the compliment of the better sort, (as he calls it;) and in the next place enquire into the validity of his title from his knowledge of criticism, and the course of his studies.

I must first beg one favour of the graduate—sir, here is a pit full of Covent-Garden gentlemen, a gallery full of cits, a hundred ladies of court-education, and about two hundred footmen of nice morality, who having been unmercifully teiz'd with a parcel of foolish, impertinent, ir-

regular Plays all this last winter, make it their humble request, that you wou'd oblige them with a Comedy of your own making, which they don't question will give them entertainment. O, sir, replies the Square-cap; I have long commiserated the condition of the English audience, that has been forc'd to take up with such wretched stuff, as lately has crowded the stage; your Jubilees and your Foppingtons; and such irregular impertinence, that no man of sense could bear the perusal of 'em. I have long intended, out of pure pity to the stage, to write a perfect piece of this nature; and now, since I am honour'd by the commands of so many, my intentions shall immediately be put in practice.

So to work he goes; old Aristotle, Scaliger, with their commentators, are lugg'd down from the high shelf, and the moths are dislodg'd from their tenement of years; Horace, Vossius, Heinsius, Hedelin, Rapin, with some half a dozen more, are thumb'd and tofs'd about, to teach the gentleman, forsooth, to write a Comedy; and here is he furnished with Unity of Action, Continuity of Action, Extent of Time, Preparation of Incidents, Episodes, Narrations, Deliberations, Didacticks, Patheticks, Monologues, Figures, Intervals, Catastrophes, Choruses, Scenes, Machines, Decorations, &c. a stock sufficient to set up any Mountebank in Christendom: And if our new author, would take an opportunity of reading a lecture upon the play in these terms, by the help of a Zany and a jointstool, his scenes might go off as well as the Doctor's packets; but the misfortune of it is, he scorns all application to the vulgar, and will please the better sort, as he calls his own. Pursuant therefore to his philosophical dictates, he first

chooses a single plot, because most agreeable to the regularity of criticism; no matter whether it affords business enough for diversion or surprize. He would not for the world introduce a song or dance, because his play must be one entire action. We must expect no variety of incidents, because the exactness of his three hours won't give him time for their preparation. The unity of place admits no variety of painting and prospect, by which mischance perhaps we shall lose the only good scenes in the play. But no matter for that; this play is a regular play; this play has been examined and approved by such and such gentlemen, who are staunch criticks and masters of art; and this play I will have acted. Look'e, Mr. Rich, you may venture to lay out a hundred and fifty pounds for dressing this play, for it was written by a great scholar, and fellow of a college.

Then a grave dogmatical Prologue is spoken, to instruct the audience what should please them; that this Play has a new and different cut from the farce they see every day; that this author writes after the manner of the Ancients, and here is a piece according to the model of the Athenian Drama. Very well! This goes off hum, drum, so, so. Then the Players go to work on a piece of hard, knotty stuff, where they can no more shew their art, than a Carpenter can upon a piece of steel. Here is the lamp and the scholar in every line, but not a syllable of the poet; here is elaborate language, sounding epithets, flights of words that strike the clouds, whilst the poor sense lags after, like the lanthorn in the tail of a kite, which appears only like a

star, while the breath of the Players lungs has strength to bear it up in the air.

But the audience, willing perhaps to discover his ancient model, and the Athenian Drama, are attentive to the first act or two; but not finding a true genius of Poetry, nor the natural air of free conversation, without any regard to its regularity, they betake themselves to other work; not meeting the diversion they expected on the stage, they shift for themselves in the pit; every one turns about to his neighbour in a mask, and for default of entertainment now, they strike up for more diverting scenes when the play is done: And tho' the play be regular as Aristotle, and modest as Mr. Collier cou'd wish, yet it promotes more lewdness in the consequences, and procures more effectually for intrigue, than any Rover, Libertine, or Old Batchelor whatsoever. At last comes the Epilogue, which pleases the audience very well, because it sends them away, and terminates the fate of the Poet; the Patentees rail at him, the Players curse him, the town damns him, and he may bury his Copy in Paul's, for not a Bookseller about it will put it in print.

This familiar account, sir, I would not have you charge to my invention, for there are precedents sufficient in the world to warrant it in every particular: The town has been often disappointed in those critical plays, and some gentlemen that have been admir'd in their speculative remarks have been ridicul'd in the practick. All the authorities, all the rules of antiquity have prov'd too weak to support the theatre, whilst others, who have dispens'd with the criticks, and taken a latitude in the oeconomy of their Plays, have been the chief supporters of the stage, and

the ornament of the Drama. This is so visibly true, that I need bring in no instances to enforce it; but you say, sir, 'tis a paradox that has often puzzled your understanding, and you lay your commands upon me to solve it, if I can.

Look'e, sir, to add a value to my complaisance to you, I must tell you in the first place, that I run as great a hazard in nibbling at this paradox of Poetry, as Luther did by touching Transubstantiation; 'tis a mystery that the world has sweetly slept in so long, that they take it very ill to be awaken'd; especially being disturb'd of their rest, when there is no business to be done. But I think that Bellarmine was once as Orthodox as Aristotle; and since the German Doctor has made a shift to hew down the Cardinal, I will have a tug with ipse dixit, tho' I die for't.

But in the first place I must beg you, sir, to lay aside your superstitious veneration for antiquity, and the usual expressions on that score; that the present age is illiterate, or their taste is vitiated; that we live in the decay of time, and the dotage of the world is fall'n to our share——'tis a mistake, sir; the world was never more active or youthful, and true downright sense was never more universal than at this very day; 'tis neither confin'd to one nation in the world, nor to one party of a city; 'tis remarkable in England as well as France, and good genuine reason is nourish'd as well by the cold of Sweedland, as by the warmth of Italy; 'tis neither abdicated the court with the late reigns, nor expell'd the city with the play-house bills; you may find it in the grand jury at Hick's-hall, and upon the bench sometimes among the justices; then why should we be hamper'd so in our opinions, as if all the ruins of antiquity

lay so heavily on the bones of us, that we cou'd not stir hand or foot : No, no sir, ipse dixit is remov'd long ago, and all the rubbish of old philosophy, that in a manner bury'd the judgment of mankind for many centuries, is now carry'd off; the vast tomes of Aristotle and his commentators are all taken to pieces, and their infallibility is lost with all persons of a free and unprejudic'd reason.

Then above all men living, why should the poets be hoodwink'd at this rate, and by what authority should Aristotle's rules of poetry stand so fix'd and immutable ? Why, by the authority of two thousand years standing, because thro' this long revolution of time the world has still continu'd the same—By the authority of their being receiv'd at Athens, a city the very same with London in every particular, their habits the same, their humours alike, their publick transactions and private societies alamode France ; in short, so very much the same in every circumstance, that Aristotle's criticisms may give rules to Drury-lane, the Areopagus give judgment upon a case in the King's Bench, and old Solon shall give laws to the House of Commons.

But to examine this matter a little farther : All arts and professions are compounded of these two parts, a speculative knowledge, and a practical use ; and from an excellency in both these, any person is rais'd to eminence and authority in his calling. The lawyer has his years of student in the speculative part of his business ; and, when promoted to the bar he falls upon the practick, which is the trial of his ability. Without all dispute the great Coke had many a tug at the bar before he could raise himself to the bench ; and had made sufficiently evident his knowledge of the

laws in his pleadings, before he was admitted to the authority of giving judgment upon the case.

The physician, to gain credit to his prescriptions, must labour for a reputation in the cure of such and such distempers; and before he sets up for a Galen or Hippocrates, must make many experiments upon his patients. Philosophy it self, which is a science the most abstract from practice, has its publick acts and disputations; it is rais'd gradually, and its professor commences doctor by degrees; he has the labour of maintaining Theses, methodizing his arguments, and clearing objections; his memory and understanding is often puzzled by oppositions couch'd in fallacies and sophisms, in solving all which he must make himself remarkable, before he pretends to impose his own systems upon the world. Now if the case be thus in philosophy, or in any branch thereof, as in ethicks, physicks, which are call'd sciences, what must be done in poetry, that is denominated an art, and consequently implies a practice in its perfection?

Is it reasonable, that any person that has never writ a distich of verses in his life, should set up for a dictator in Poetry; and without the least practice in his own performance, must give laws and rules to that of others? Upon what foundation is Poetry made so very cheap, and so easy a task by these gentlemen? An excellent Poet is the single production of an age, when we have crowds of Philosophers, Physicians, Lawyers, Divines, every day, and all of them competently famous in their callings. In the two learned Commonwealths of Rome and Athens, there was but one Virgil and one Homer, yet have we above a hundred Philosophers in each, and most part of 'em, forsooth, must have a touch at Poetry, drawing it into divisions, subdivisions,

&c. when the wit of 'em all set together would not amount to one of Martial's Epigrams.

Of all these I shall mention only Aristotle, the first and great law-giver in this respect, and upon whom all that follow'd him are only Commentators. Among all the vast tracts of this voluminous Author, we don't find any fragment of an Epick Poem, or the least scene of a Play, to authorise his skill and excellence in that art. Let it not be alledg'd, that for ought we know he was an excellent Poet, but his more serious studies would not let him enter upon affairs of this nature; for every body knows that Aristotle was no Cynick, but liv'd in the splendor and air of the court, that he lov'd riches as much as others of that station, and being sufficiently acquainted with his pupil's affection to Poetry, and his complaint that he wanted an Homer to aggrandize his actions, he would never have slipt such an opportunity of farther ingratiating himself in the King's favour, had he been conscious of any abilities in himself for such an undertaking; and having a more noble and copious theme in the exploits of Alexander, than what inspir'd the blind bard in his Hero Achilles. If his Epistles to Alexander were always answer'd with a considerable present, what might we have expected from a work like Homer's upon so great a subject, dedicated to so mighty a prince, whose greatest fault was his vain glory, and that he took such pains to be deify'd among men.

It may be objected, that all the works of Aristotle are not recover'd; and among those that are lost, some Essays of this kind might have perish'd. This supposition is too weakly founded; for altho' the works themselves might have 'scap'd us, 'tis more than probable that some hint or

other, either in the life of the Conqueror or Philosopher, might appear, to convince us of such a production: Besides, as 'tis believ'd he writ Philosophy, because we have his books; so I dare swear he writ no Poetry, because none is extant, nor any mention made thereof that ever I could hear of.

But stay—without any farther enquiry, into the Poetry of Aristotle, his ability that way is sufficiently apparent by that excellent piece he has left behind him upon that subject—by your favour, sir, this is *petitio principii*, or in plain English, give me the sword in my own hand, and I'll fight with you—have but a little patience till I make a flourish or two, and then, if you are pleas'd to demand it, I'll grant you that and every thing else.

How easy were it for me to take one of Doctor Tillotson's Sermons, and out of the œconomy of one of these discourses, trump you up a pamphlet, and call it, *The Art of Preaching*? In the first place I must take a text, and here I must be very learn'd upon the etymology of the word text; then this text must be divided into such and such partitions, which partitions must have their hard names and derivations; then these must be spun into subdivisions, and these back'd by proofs of Scripture, *Ratiocinatio Oratoris*, *Ornamenta Figurarum Rhetoricarum*, and, *Authoritas Patrum Ecclesię*, with some rules and directions how these ought to be manag'd and apply'd: And closing up this difficult pedantry with the dimension of time for such an occasion, you will pay me the compliment of an excellent preacher, and affirm, that any sermon whatever, either by a Presbyter at Geneva, or Jesuit in Spain, that deviates from these rules, deserves to be his'd, and the Priest kick'd

out of his pulpit. I must doubt your complaisance in this point, sir; for you know the forms of eloquence are divers, and ought to be suited to the different humour and capacities of an audience. You are sensible, sir, that the fiery cholerick humour of one nation must be entertain'd and mov'd by other means, than the heavy flegmatick complexion of another; and I have observ'd in my little travels, that a sermon of three quarters of an hour, that might please the congregation at St. James's, would never satisfy the Meeting house of the City, where people expect more for their money; and having more temptations of roguery, must have a larger portion of instruction.

Be pleas'd to hear another instance of a different kind, tho' to the same purpose: I go down to Woolwich, and there upon a piece of paper I take the dimensions of the Royal Sovereign, and from hence I frame a model of a Man of War: I divide the ship into three principal parts, the keel, the hull, and the rigging; I subdivide these into their proper denominations; and by the help of a sailer, give you all the terms belonging to every rope; and every office in the whole ship; will you from hence infer, that I am an excellent shipwright, and that this model is proper for a Trading Junk upon the Volga or a Venetian Galley in the Adriatick Sea?

But you'll object, perhaps, that this is no parallel case, because that Aristotle's *Ars Poetica* was never drawn from such slight observations, but was the pure effect of his immense reason, through a nice inspection into the very bottom and foundation of nature.

To this I answer, that verity is eternal, as that the truth of two and two making four was as certain in the

days of Adam as it is now, and that, according to his own position, nature is the same *apud omnes gentes*. Now if his rules of Poetry were drawn from certain and immutable principles, and fix'd on the basis of nature, why should not his *Ars Poetica* be as efficacious now as it was two thousand years ago? And why should not a single plot, with perfect unity of time and place, do as well at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, as at the Play-house at Athens? No, no, sir, I am to believe that the Philosopher took no such pains in Poetry as you imagine; the Greek was his mother tongue, and Homer was read with as much veneration among the school-boys, as we learn our Catechism: Then where was the great business for a person, so expert in mood and figure as Aristotle was, to range into some order a parcel of terms of art, drawn from his observation upon the *Iliads*, and to call these the model of an Epic-Poem. Here, sir, you may imagine that I am caught, and have all this while been spinning a thread to strangle myself: One of my main objections against Aristotle's Criticism, is drawn from his non-performance in Poetry; and now I affirm, that his rules are extracted from the greatest Poet that ever liv'd, which gives the utmost validity to the precept, and that is all we contend for.

Look'e, sir, I lay it down only for a supposition, that Aristotle's Rules for an Epic Poem were extracted from Homer's *Iliads*, and if a supposition has weigh'd me down, I have two or three more of an equal balance to turn the scale.

The great esteem of Alexander the Great for the works of old Homer, is sufficiently testify'd by antiquity, inso-much that he always slept with the *Iliads* under his pillow:

Of this the Stagyrite to be sure was not ignorant; and what more proper way of making his court could a man of letters devise, than by saying something in commendation of the King's favourite? A copy of commendatory verses was too mean, and perhaps out of the element; then something he would do in his own way, a book must be made of the Art of Poetry, wherein Homer is prov'd a Poet by mood and figure, and his perfection transmitted to posterity: And if Prince Arthur had been in the place of the Iliads, we should have had other rules for Epick Poetry, and Doctor B——re had carried the Bays from Homer, in spite of all the Criticks in Christendom. But whether Aristotle writ those rules to compliment his pupil, or whether he would make a sloop at Poetry, to shew that there was no knowledge beyond the flight of his genius, there is no reason to allow, that Homer compil'd his Heroick Poem by those very rules which Aristotle has laid down: For, granting that Aristotle might pick such and such observations from this piece, they might be mere accidents resulting casually from the composition of the work, and not any of the essential principles of the Poem. How usual is it for criticks to find out faults, and create beauties which the authors never intend for such, and how frequently do we find authors run down in those very parts, which they design'd for the greatest ornament? How natural is it for aspiring ambitious school-men to attempt matters of the highest reach; the wonderful Creation of the World (which nothing but the Almighty Power that order'd it can describe) is brought into mood and figure by the arrogance of Philosophy. But till I can believe that the Vertigos of Carte-

sus, or the Atoms of Epicurus, can determine the Almighty Fiat, they must give me leave to question the infallibility of their rules in respect of Poetry.

Had Homer himself, by the same inspiration that he writ his Poem, left us any rules for such a performance, all the world must have own'd it for authentick. But he was too much a Poet to give rules to that, whose excellence he knew consisted in a free and unlimited flight of imagination; and to describe the spirit of Poetry, which alone is the True Art of Poetry, he knew to be as impossible, as for human reason to teach the gift of prophecy by a definition.

Neither is Aristotle to be allow'd any farther knowledge in Dramatick, than in Epic Poetry: Euripides, whom he seems to compliment by rules adapted to the model of his Plays, was either his cotemporary, or lived but a little before him; he was not insensible how much this author was the darling of the city, as appeared by the prodigious expence disbursed by the publick for the ornament of his Plays; and 'tis probable, he might take this opportunity of improving his interest with the people, indulging their inclination by refining upon the beauty of what they admired. And besides all this, the severity of Dramatick rage was so fresh in his memory in the hard usage that his brother Soph not long before met with upon the stage, that it was convenient to humour the reigning wit, lest a second Aristophanes should take him to task with as little mercy, as poor Socrates found at the hands of the first.

I have talked so long to lay a foundation for these following conclusions; Aristotle was no Poet, and consequently not capable of giving instructions in the Art of Poetry;

his *Ars Poetica* are only some observations drawn from the works of Homer and Euripides, which may be mere accidents resulting casually from the compositions of the works, and not any of the essential principles on which they are compil'd. That without giving himself the trouble for searching into the nature of Poetry, he has only complimented the heroes of wit and valour of his age, by joining with them in their approbation; with this difference, that their applause was plain, and his more scholastick.

But to leave these only as suppositions to be relished by every man at his pleasure, I shall without complimenting any author, either ancient or modern, inquire into the first invention of Comedy; what were the true designs and honest intentions of that art; and from a knowledge of the end, seek out the means, without one quotation of Aristotle, or authority of Euripides.

In all productions either Divine or human, the final cause is the first mover, because the end or intention of any rational action must first be consider'd, before the material or efficient causes are put in execution. Now to determine the final cause of Comedy, we must run back beyond the material and formal agents, and take it in its very infancy, or rather in the very first act of its generation, when its primary parent, by proposing such or such an end of his labour, laid down the first sketches or shadows of the piece. Now as all arts and sciences have their first rise from a final cause, so 'tis certain that they have grown from very small beginnings, and that the current of time has swelled 'em to such a bulk, that no body can find the fountain, by any proportion between the head and the body; this, with the

corruption of time, which has debauched things from their primitive innocence, to selfish designs and purposes, render it difficult to find the origin of any offspring so very unlike its parent.

This is not only the case of Comedy, as it stands at present, but the condition also of the ancient Theatres; when great men made shows of this nature a rising step to their ambition, mixing many lewd and lascivious representations to gain the favour of the populace, to whose taste and entertainment the Plays were chiefly adapted. We must therefore go higher than either Aristophanes or Meander to discover Comedy in its primitive institution, if we would draw any moral design of its invention to warrant and authorize its continuance.

I have already mentioned the difficulty of discovering the invention of any Art, in the different figure it makes by succession of improvements; but there is something in the nature of Comedy even in its present circumstances, that bears so great a resemblance to the Philosophical Mythology of the Ancients, that old Æsop must wear the bays as the first and original author, and whatever alterations or improvements farther application may have subjoined, his Fables gave the first rise and occasion.

Comedy is no more at present than a well-framed tale handsomely told, as an agreeable vehicle for counsel or reproof. This is all we can say for the credit of its institution, and is the stress of its charter for liberty and toleration. Then where should we seek for a foundation, but in Æsop's symbolical way of moralizing upon Tales and Fables, with this difference, that his stories were shorter than ours: He had his tyrant Lyon, his statesman Fox, his beau Magpy,

his coward Hare, his bravo As, and his buffoon Ape, with all the characters that crowd our stages every day; with this distinction nevertheless, That Æsop made his beast speak good Greek, and our heroes sometimes can't talk English.

But whatever difference time has produced in the form, we must in our own defence stick to the end and intention of his fables. *Utile dulci* was his motto, and must be our business; we have no other defence against the presentment of the grand jury, and for ought I know it might prove a good means to mollify the rigour of that persecution, to inform the inquisitors, that the great Æsop was the first inventor of these poor comedies that they are prosecuting with so much eagerness and fury, that the first Laureat was as just, as prudent, as pious, as reforming, and as ugly as any of themselves. And that the beasts which are lugg'd upon the stage by the horn are not caught in the city, as they suppose, but brought out of Æsop's own forrest. We should inform them besides, that those very tales and fables which they apprehend as obstacles to reformation, were the main instruments and machines used by the wise Æsop for its propagation; and as he would improve men by the policy of beasts, so we endeavour to reform brutes by the examples of men. Fondlewife and his young spouse are no more than the eagle and cockle; he wanted teeth to break the shell himself, so somebody else run away with the meat.—The fox in the play is the same with the fox in the fable, who stuffed his guts so full, that he could not get out at the same hole he came in; so both Reynards being delinquents alike, came to be trussed up together. Here are precepts, admonitions, and salutary inuendos for the ordering our lives and conver-

sations couched in those allegories and allusions. The Wisdom of the ancients was wrapped up in veils and figures; the Egyptian hieroglyphicks, and the history of the heathen gods are nothing else; but if these pagan authorities give offence to their scrupulous consciences, let them but consult the tales and parables of our Saviour in holy writ, and they may find this way of instruction to be much more christian than they imagine: Nathan's fable of the poor man's lamb had more influence on the conscience of David, than any force of downright admonition. So that by ancient practice and modern example, by the authority of pagans, jews, and christians, the world is furnished with this so sure, so pleasant, and expedient an art, of schooling mankind into better manners. Now here is the primary design of comedy illustrated from its first institution; and the same end is equally alledged for its daily practice and continuance. Then without all dispute, whatever means are most proper and expedient for compassing this end and intention, they must be the just rules of comedy, and the true art of the stage.

We must consider then, in the first place, that our business lies not with a French or a Spanish audience; that our design is not to hold forth to ancient Greece, not to moralize upon the vices and defaults of the Roman commonwealth; No, no; an English play is intended for the use and instruction of an English audience, a people not only separated from the rest of the world by situation, but different also from other nations as well in the complexion and temperament of the natural body, as in the constitution of our body politick: As we are a mixture of many nations, so we have the most unaccountable medley of humours among us of any people upon earth; these humours produce

variety of follies, some of 'em unknown to former ages; these new distempers must have new remedies, which are nothing but new counsels and instructions.

Now, sir, if our Utile, which is the end, be different from the ancients, pray let our Dulce, which is the means, be so too; for you know that to different towns there are different ways; or if you would have it more scholastically, *ad diversos fines non idem conducit medium*; or mathematically, one and the same line cannot terminate in two centers. But waving this manner of concluding by induction, I shall gain my point a nearer way, and draw it immediately from the first principle I set down: That we have the most unaccountable medley of humours among us of any nation upon the earth; and this demonstrable from common experience: We shall find a Wildair in one corner, and a Morose in another; nay, the space of an hour or two shall create such vicissitudes of temper in the same person that he can hardly be taken for the same man. We shall have a fellow bestir his stumps from Chocolate to Coffee-house with all the joy and gaiety imaginable, tho' he want a shilling to pay for a hack; whilst another drawn about in a coach and six, is eaten up with the spleen, and shall loiter in state, with as much melancholy, vexation and discontent, as if he were making the tour of Tyburn. Then what sort of a Dulce, (which I take for the pleasantry of the tale, or the plot of the play) must a man make use of to engage the attention of so many different humours and inclinations; will a single plot satisfy every body? will the turns and surprizes that may result naturally from the ancient limits of time, be sufficient to rip open the spleen of some and physic the melancholy of others, screw up the attention of a rover, and fix

him to the Stage, in spite of his volatile temper, and the temptation of a mask? to make the moral instructive, you must make the story diverting: The splenetick wit, the beau courtier, the heavy citizen, the fine lady, and her fine footman, come all to be instructed, and therefore must all be diverted; and he that can do this best, and with most applause writes the best Comedy, let him do it by what rules he pleases, so they be not offensive to religion and good manners.

But hic labor, hoc opus; how must this secret of pleasing so many different tastes be discovered? not by tumbling over volumes of the ancients, but by studying the humour of the moderns: The Rules of English Comedy don't lie in the compass of Aristotle or his Followers, but in the pit, box, and galleries. And to examine into the humour of an English audience, let us see by what means our own English poets have succeeded in this point. To determine a suit at law we don't look into the archives of Greece or Rome, but inspect the reports of our own lawyers, and the acts and statutes of our parliaments; and by the same rule we have nothing to do with the models of Meander or Plautus, but must consult Shakespeare, Johnson, Fletcher, and others, who by methods much different from the Ancients have supported the English Stage, and made themselves famous to posterity. We shall find that these gentlemen have fairly dispensed with the greatest part of critical formalities; the decorums of time and place, so much cry'd up of late, had no force of decorum with them, the oeconomy of their Plays was ad libitum, and the extent of their plots only limited by the convenience of action. I would willingly understand the regularities of

Hamlet, Macbeth, Harry the Fourth, and of Fletcher's Plays; and yet these have long been the darlings of the English audience, and are like to continue with the same applause, in defiance of all the criticisms that ever were published in Greek and Latin.

But are there no rules, no decorums to be observed in Comedy? Must we make the condition of the English Stage a state of anarchy? no, sir—for there are extreams in irregularity, as dangerous to an author, as too scrupulous a deference to criticism; and as I have given you an instance of one, so I shall present you an example of the other.

There are a sort of gentlemen that have had the jaunty education of dancing, French, and a fiddle, who coming to age before they arrive at years of discretion, make a shift to spend a handsome patrimony of two or three thousand pounds, by soaking in the tavern all night, lolling a-bed all the morning, and sauntering away all the evening between the two Play-houses with their hands in their pockets; you shall have a gentleman of this size, upon his knowledge of Covent-Garden, and a knack of witticising in his cups, set up immediately for a Play-wright. But besides the gentleman's wit and experience, here is another motive: There are a parcel of saucy impudent fellows about the Play-house called door-keepers, that can't let a gentleman see a Play in peace, without jogging, and nudging him every minute. Sir, will you please to pay?—Sir, the A&T's done, will you please to pay, sir? I have broke their heads all round two or three times, yet the puppies will still be troublesome. Before gad, I'll be plagued with 'em no longer; I'll e'en write a Play my self; by which means, my character of wit

shall be established, I shall enjoy the freedom of the House, and to pin up the basket, pretty Miss —— shall have the profits of my third night for her maidenhead. Thus we see what a great blessing a coming girl is to a Play-house; here is a Poet sprung from the tail of an Actress, like Minerva from Jupiter's head. But my spark proceeds—— my own intrigues are sufficient to found the plot, and the devil's in't, if I can't make my character talk as wittily as those in the Trip to the Jubilee——But stay——what shall I call it first? Let me see——The rival Theatres——very good, by gad, because I reckon the two Houses will have a contest about this very Play——thus having found a name for his Play, in the next place he makes a Play to his name, and thus he begins.

A C T I.

SCENE, Covent-Garden. Enter Portico, Piazza, and Turnstile.

Here you must note, that Portico being a compound of practical rake and speculative gentleman, is ten to one the author's own character, and the leading card in the pack. Piazza is his mistress, who lives in the square, and is daughter to old Pillariso, an odd out-o'-the-way gentleman, something between the Character of Alexander the Great and Solon, which must please because 'tis new.

Turnstile is maid and confidant to Piazza, who, for a bribe of ten pieces, let Portico in at the back-door; so the first Act concludes.

In the second, enter Spigotofso, who was butler perhaps to the Czar of Muscovy, and Fossetana his wife. After these Characters are run dry, he brings you in at the third Act Whinewell and Charmarillis for a Scene of Love to please the Ladies, and so he goes on without fear or wit, till he comes to a marriage or two, and then he writes — Finis.

'Tis then whisper'd among his friends at Will's and Hip-polito's, that Mr. Such-a-one has wrote a very pretty Comedy; and some of 'em to encourage the young author, equip him presently with Prologue and Epilogue. Then the Play is sent to Mr. Rich, or Mr. Betterton, in a fair legible hand with the recommendation of some gentleman, that passes for a man of parts, and a critick: In short, the gentleman's interest has the Play acted, and the gentleman's interest makes a present to pretty Miss — she's made his whore, and the Stage his cully, that for the loss of a month in rehearsing, and a hundred pound in dressing a confounded Play, must give the liberty of the House to him and his friends for ever after.

Now such a Play may be written with all the exactness imaginable, in respect of unity in time and place; but if you enquire its Character of any person, tho' of the meanest understanding of the whole Audience, he will tell you 'tis intolerable stuff; and upon your demanding his reasons, his answer is, I don't like it: His humour is the only rule that he can judge a Comedy by, but you find that mere nature is offended with some irregularities; and tho' he be not so learned in the Drama, to give you an inventory of the faults, yet I can tell you, that one part of the plot had no dependance upon another, which made this simple man

drop his attention, and concern for the event; and so disengaging his thoughts from the business of the action, he sat there very uneasy, thought the time very tedious, because he had nothing to do: The Characters were so incoherent in themselves, and composed of such variety of absurdities, that in his knowledge of nature he could find no original for such a copy; and being therefore unacquainted with any folly they reproved, or any virtue that they recommended, their business was as flat and tiresome to him, as if the Actors had talked Arabick.

Now these are the material irregularities of a Play, and these are the faults which downright mother-sense can censure and be offended at, as much as the most learned critick in the pit. And altho' the one cannot give me the reasons of his approbation or dislike, yet I will take his word for the credit or disrepute of a Comedy, sooner perhaps than the opinion of some Virtuosi's; for there are some gentlemen that have fortify'd their spleen so impregnably with criticism, and hold out so stiffly against all attacks of pleasantry, that the most powerful efforts of wit and humour cannot make the least impression. What a misfortune is it to these gentlemen to be natives of such an ignorant self-willed, impertinent island, where let a critick and a scholar find never so many irregularities in a Play, yet five hundred saucy people will give him the lie to his face, and come to see this wicked Play forty or fifty times in a year? But this Vox Populi is the Devil, tho' in a place of more authority than Aristotle, it is called Vox Dei. Here is a Play with a vengeance (says a critick) to bring the transactions of a year's time into the compass of three hours; to carry the whole audience with him from one kingdom to another, by the

changing of a Scene; where's the probability, nay, the possibility of all this; the devil's in the Poet sure, he don't think to put contradictions upon us.

Look'e fir, don't be in a passion, the Poet does not impose contradictions upon you, because he has told you no lie; for that only is a lie, which is related with some fallacious intention that you should believe it for a truth: Now the Poet expects no more that you should believe the plot of his Play, than old *Æsop* designed the world should think his Eagle and Lyon talked like you and I; which I think, was every jot as improbable as what you quarrel with; and yet the fables took, and I'll be hanged if you your self don't like 'em. But besides, fir, if you are so inveterate against improbabilities, you must never come near the Play-house at all; for there are several improbabilities, nay, impossibilities, that all the criticisms in nature cannot correct: As for instance; in the part of *Alexander the Great*, to be affected with the transactions of the Play, we must suppose that we see that great conqueror, after all his triumphs, shunned by the woman he loves, and importuned by her he hates; crossed in his cups and jollity by his own subjects, and at last miserably ending his life in a raging madness: We must suppose, that we see the very *Alexander*, the son of *Philip*, in all these unhappy circumstances, else we are not touched by the moral, which represents to us the uneasiness of human life in the greatest state, and the instability of fortune in respect of worldly pomp; yet the whole audience at the same time knows, that this is *Mr. Betterton*, who is strutting upon the stage, and tearing his lungs for a livelihood: And that the same person should be *Mr. Betterton* and *Alexander the Great* at the same time, is some-

what like an impossibility in my mind. Yet you must grant this impossibility in spite of your teeth, if you ha'n't power to raise the old hero from the grave to act his own part.

Now for another impossibility: The less rigid critics allow to a Comedy the space of an artificial day, or twenty four hours; but those of the thorough reformation will confine it to the natural or solar day, which is but half the time. Now admitting this for a decorum absolutely requisite; this play begins when it is exactly six by your watch, and ends precisely at nine, which is the usual time of the representation. Now is it feasible in *rerum naturâ*, that the same space or extent of time can be three hours by your watch, and twelve hours upon the Stage, admitting the same number of minutes, or the same measure of sand to both. I'm afraid, sir, you must allow this for an impossibility too; and you may with as much reason allow the Play the extent of a whole year; and if you grant me a year, you may give me seven, and so to a thousand: For that a thousand years should come within the compass of three hours, is no more an impossibility, than that two minutes should be contain'd in one; *Nullum minus continet in se majus*, is equally applicable to both.

So much for the decorum of time, now for the regularity of place. I might make the one a consequence of t'other, and alledge that by allowing me any extent of time, you must grant me any change of place, for the one depends upon t'other; and having five or six years for the action of a Play, I may travel from Constantinople to Denmark, so to France, and home to England, and rest long enough in each country besides. But you'll say, how can you carry

us with you? very easily, sir, if you will be willing to go! As for example; here is a new Play, the House is throng'd, the Prologue's spoken, and the Curtain drawn represents you the Scene of Grand Cairo. Whereabouts are you now, sir? Were not you the very minute before in the Pit in the English Play-house talking to a wench, and now, præsto, pafs, you are spirited away to the banks of the River Nile. Surely, sir, this is a most intolerable improbability; yet this you must allow me, or else you destroy the very constitution of representation: Then in the second Act, with a flourish of the fiddles, I change the Scene to Astrachan, O this is intolerable! Look'e, sir, 'tis not a jot more intolerable than the other; for you'll find that 'tis much about the same distance between Egypt and Astrachan, as it is between Drury-lane and Grand Cairo; and if you please to let your fancy take post, it will perform the journey in the same moment of time, without any disturbance in the world to your person. You can follow Quintus Curtius all over Asia in the train of Alexander, and trudge after Hannibal like a Cadet, through all Italy, Spain and Afric, in the space of four or five hours; yet the devil a one of you will stir a step over the threshold for the best Poet in Christendom, tho' he make it his business to render heroes more amiable, and to surprize you with more wonderful accidents and events.

I am as little a friend to those rambling Plays as any body, nor have I ever espous'd their party by my own practice; yet I cou'd not forbear saying something in vindication of the great Shakespeare, whom every little fellow that can form an Aoristus primus will presume to condemn for indecorums and absurdities; sparks that are so spruce upon their

Greek and Latin, that, like our fops in travels; they can relish nothing but what is foreign, to let the world know they have been abroad forsooth; but it must be so, because Aristotle said it; now I say it must be otherwise, because Shakespeare said it, and I'm sure that Shakespeare was the greater poet of the two. But you'll say, that Aristotle was the greater critick. — That's a mistake, sir, for criticism in poetry is no more than judgment in poetry; which you will find in your Lexicon. Now if Shakespeare was the better poet, he must have the most judgment in his art; for every body knows, that judgment is an essential part of poetry, and without it no writer is worth a farthing. But to stoop to the authority of either, without consulting the reason of the consequence, is an abuse to a man's understanding; and neither the precept of the philosopher, nor example of the poet should go down with me, without examining the weight of their assertions. We can expect no more decorum of regularity in any business, than the nature of the thing will bear; now if the Stage cannot subsist without the strength of supposition, and force of fancy in the audience, why should a poet fetter the business of his plot, and starve his action for the nicety of an hour, or the change of a scene, since the thought of man can fly over a thousand years with the same ease, and in the same instant of time, that your eye glances from the figure of six or seven on the dial-plate; and can glide from the Cape of Good-Hope to the Bay of St. Nicolas, which is quite cross the world, with the same quickness and activity, as between Covent-Garden Church, and Will's Coffee-house. Then I must beg of these gentlemen to let our old English authors alone — if they have left vice unpunish'd, virtue unrewarded, folly unexpos'd, or prudence unsuccessful, the contrary of which is the utile

of Comedy, let them be lashed to some purpose; if any part of their plots have been independent of the rest, or any of their characters forced or unnatural, which destroys the Dulce of Plays, let them be hiss'd off the Stage: but, if by a true decorum in these material points, they have writ successfully and answered the end of Dramatick Poetry in every respect, let them rest in peace, and their memories enjoy the encomiums due to their merit, without any reflection for waving those niceties, which are neither instructive to the world, nor diverting to mankind; but are like all the rest of the critical learning, fit only to set people together by the ears in ridiculous controversies, that are not one jot material to the good of the publick, whether they be true or false.

And thus you see, sir, I have concluded a very unnecessary piece of work; which is much too long, if you don't like it: But let it happen any way, be assured, that I intended to please you, which should partly excuse,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.



F I N I S.